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PINDAR
P Y T H I A N
O D E S

TRANSLATED BY
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P R E F A C E

Work has been done on Pindar in many countries, and most notably by Schroeder and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf in Germany, which puts this generation in a position to understand him as he has hardly been understood since the century in which he wrote. This book is not chiefly addressed to scholars, and we have done nothing either to show our obligations or to guide the student to deeper study: but the following books by the two scholars named above must be mentioned:—

U. von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf. 'Pindaros'. Weidmanns. Berlin. 1922.

O. Schroeder. Pindari Carmina: Editio Maior. Teubner. Leipzig. 1900. (The reprint of 1923 contains an Appendix which can also be had separately.)

O. Schroeder. Pindari Carmina: Editio Minor. Teubner. Leipzig. 1914.

O. Schroeder. Pindars Pythien. Teubner. Leipzig. 1922.

A very serviceable and scholarly edition of the Pythians, with a French translation, is by A.

Puech (Collection des Universités de France. Paris. 1922).

We have followed the text of Schroeder's Editio Minor, except in the cases noted in Appendix I. The variations are many of them Schroeder's own second thoughts, taken from the Appendix to the Editio Maior: we have introduced no new readings of our own.

The interpretation, of the text and the historical background, is so living and unstatic a matter that we have naturally owed allegiance to no authority. The history of the Fifth Century before Christ allows of dogmatic statement as little as anything else which is really important. The background is most confused, and perhaps most important, in the poems addressed to King Hieron of Syracuse: we have added an appendix on these.



I N T R O D U C T I O N

PINDAR is unique. There is nobody like him in Greek literature, nobody like him in any literature. He thought he was all that an ordinary man ought to be, and he has survived as an exception to every canon. He took the world as he found it and thought it would last for ever: his world has perished, and he is our only guide to it. The Hellenic world survives in its rebels and its reformers: Pindar represents the world they tried to reform. Sophokles is nearest to him, but Sophokles knew the human heart

gods being strong showed that they felt it. Moreover Pindar was perhaps blissfully half-persuaded that such behaviour was the defensive action of men who knew themselves inferior. The restlessness, the unbounded dreams of eager, unsatisfied desire, all that we mean by Athens, Pindar was content to typify in the upstart giant Porphyryon. He knew nothing of the indignant blasphemy, the agony of spirit, through which Sophokles leads us in "King Oedipus" to the resigned close.

The jealousy of Heaven becomes in Pindar's philosophy a potent influence in the pursuit of virtue. He reiterates its importance, and conscientiously warns his patrons of its power. But he gives other reasons for living the good life. He believes in a system of rewards and punishments which, to avoid any miscarriage of justice, apply both to this world and the next. The good are rewarded in this world not by any mere consciousness of being good but by the fact of fame. His good actions have made Kroisos immortal, he has won "good name", which is half of the highest crown. It is the poet's business to see that the good get their right reward, and Pindar confidently expects that his heroes will find it on the wings of

his skill. He combined this belief with another not entirely consistent belief in the reward or punishment of souls after death. This belief came from the Sicilian Orphics and finds clearest expression in Olympian II addressed to the Sicilian Theron, but Pindar states it elsewhere, and there is no reason to think that he himself did not hold it. In the fragment of a dirge (fr. 129) he describes a paradise below the earth:

*For them, when it is night here,
The strong sun is shining below.
In fields of scarlet roses lies their city,
Shadowy with frankincense
And heavy with golden fruit.*

To Theron he describes another such place beyond the sea, full of golden flowers, where Rhadamanthys reigns and where Thetis brought Achilles after death. The wicked suffer an opposite fate. In this world they are found out, and at best infamy, at worst punishment follows. After death they are confined

*Where the slow rivers of the black night
Belch in unending gloom.*

The good are rewarded and the bad are punished: but who are the good, and who the bad?

Pindar's answers to these questions are very typical of himself. He was born an aristocrat, belonging to the famous clan of the Aigeïdai, a leading family in Thebes, Sparta and Kyrene. His birth allowed him to mix with princes on equal terms and to claim kinship with families in distant places. He hated democracy: the sovereign people was in his eyes the turbulent crowd. Early in life he paid a tribute of song to Athens, but later Athens came to stand for all he hated most—religious independence, foreign conquest, plebeian government. With the advance of years his talent was put less and less at the service of Athenians. He could not be expected to praise the city which conquered Thebes, interfered with Delphic independence and destroyed the power and wealth of Aigina. All his sympathies lay with aristocracy. His reverence for it was unquestioning and almost mystical. He believed in breed as much as a breeder of race-horses and expected sons to be as good as their fathers: did not the Successors triumph where the Seven against Thebes had failed? He is not merely paying compliments when he enumerates the athletic victories of the fathers or uncles of his heroes: he is expressing his own genuine confidence in the power of

race. In the houses of nobles he found all that he valued most, wealth, reputation, bodily strength, physical courage. The Athenian democracy could show other excellences of thought and confidence, but Pindar cared nothing for them and passed them by. He liked too the hospitality of princes and the good fellowship which wealth makes possible: he pictured Jason as entertaining his brothers for five days and five nights with the best of good living. Political systems did not interest him, but if they were not aristocratic he dismissed them as bad. His earliest poem began by invoking Thessaly and Sparta, the two states where descendants of Herakles still ruled, and ended with a declaration of belief in the wisdom of hereditary government. In his eyes the Aeginetans, descended from Peleus or Aiakos, shone with an unearthly light. It was absurd to compare the common people with these living descendants of the Gods, trailing still some clouds of glory from the tremendous past.

Yet the very weight of Pindar's aristocratic bias was to lead him into deserting aristocracy for a while. Across the Ionian Sea the new princes of Sicily led a life far surpassing anything in Thebes or Aigina for splendour. Pin-

dar met their representatives at Olympia and Delphi, and was dazzled by their wealth and lineage. Were they not Dorians, the children of Aigimios? Friendship grew between Pindar and Thrasyboulos, Theron's nephew, and Pindar was asked to Sicily. There he consorted with the tyrants of Akragas and Syracuse, Theron and Hieron. His imagination was inflamed by it. For them he wrote his finest poems, giving his genius full rein for patrons so munificent. But he was not really happy there. Despite a command from Hieron, he never repeated his visit. He preferred his independence, and his place in Sicily was taken by Bakchylides. Pythian XI is the palinode, in which he avows himself an orthodox oligarch and denies Hieron.

But save in its most personal bearings, Pindar was not interested in the political game. His eyes, eager for glamour, saw it in the breaking of the great Persian Armada, and the solemn patriotic fervour, which moved Aeschylus so deeply, found some echo among the large emotions of Pindar. Aigina, where he had many friends, had quitted itself well, but his own city, and too many of his best friends and patrons, even Apollo his god, had expected a

very different result: and it is idle to pretend that Pindar was so vastly more concerned about the Persian War than he was about any other problem of statecraft. He liked the Alkmaionid family at Athens, who had built the Temple at Delphi and won several chariot races; for one of them, Megakles, he wrote an Ode. But their political visions meant little to him; least of all those of the greatest of that house, Perikles, the nephew of Megakles, the man who was laying an axe to the root of Pindar's world.

For Aristocracy, which Pindar liked and Perikles was setting about to destroy, enabled its chosen ones, its "best men", to achieve their proper "goodness": ἀρετή for the ἀριστοι. "*Areté*" means "goodness", but the candour of the Greek mind gave their word a far wider and happier meaning than vulgar moralities have left to ours: we cannot translate.¹ It combined in itself excellences external and internal, physical and moral. Pindar would have thought profoundly wrong any code of manners which emphasized the one side at the

¹ *Nobleness* will not do: *Valour*, which starts from a similar origin and has reached a not wholly dissimilar end, is far too narrow. In the translation we have often used *Greatness*: "the Great" is perhaps the most natural English for ἀριστοι.

expense of the other. Prime excellence lay in the harmony and combination of both sides. The Graces dwelt at Orchomenos in Boeotia, givers of no small portions of *areté*: Thalia, the flowering of the body; Euphrosyne, the sweet condition of the mind; and Aglaia, brightness or splendour. Their eyes watch over Aigina, but the misbegotten Kentauros was born without them. The Graces give all the elegances of life, all the good things which Kantian morality excludes from the Good, but which Aristotle included in the blessed state.

On mere morality Pindar was not very explicit. He admired most simple virtues, especially the traditional virtues of chivalry—courage, endurance, generosity, courtesy. His own sensitive nature recoiled from harshness with horror, and he resented it when it hurt his friends. It is told of him that when asked "What is sharper than a saw?" he answered "Slander". He wished the gods to be moral: the stories of them contained much to hurt a pious conscience, they certainly troubled Pindar. But tradition was too strong for him to try to abolish legends, as later Plato tried to abolish them. Where Plato destroyed, Pindar revised. He omitted, he altered, he even contradicted

the old stories, and, if sometimes the story became less interesting, at least it brought less dishonour on the gods. Pindar's revision of legend was a reformation of religion from within. Other poets, like Aeschylus, were also reforming from within, but they reformed too much and left the God of the Lightning as a vague "Zeus whosoever he is". There were others, Ionian scientists, who reformed from without and left nothing but the four elements of earth, air, fire and water. Pindar's religious experience was too vivid for him to want to abolish the gods or to dim their specific outlines. They were his main interest in life and the patrons and inspirers of his art. What he wanted to abolish were some unsavoury stories attached to their names. The legends were too rough, too violent: perhaps the wrong sides were emphasized. If there were not several versions from which he could select the least offensive, he frankly altered the story. In Olympian I he said candidly that he found improbable the old version in which Pelops was dished up for the gods to eat and had his shoulder eaten by Demeter. Pindar could not believe that any of the Blessed Ones was a cannibal: he would speak against his predeces-

sors, and his new version is curious and unconvincing. All that really happened, he says, was that Poseidon loved Pelops and carried him off to Olympos for a time. The origin of the ivory shoulder is left obscure.

More commonly Pindar altered small points and made the story more humane. Herakles got the olive-trees from the Hyperboreans not by strength but by argument: it is odd to think of Herakles making a speech. Nor could Pindar admit that the Centaurs were the result of the union of Ixion with the Cloud. From that union, said Pindar, a monstrous brood was born which wedded with the mares on Pelion and begat the Centaurs. By this expedient Pindar reduced some of the infamy attached to the birth of the good Centaur Cheiron. He was at especial pains to correct any details which detracted from the power of the gods. In the old story of Apollo's love for Kyrene, the god was said not to know who the maiden was and to have asked Cheiron, who told him. To Pindar it was inconceivable that the lord of Delphi and of all knowledge should not know who anyone was. In his account Apollo asks the Centaur, and the Centaur laughs and answers that of course Apollo is joking. Again,

Hesiod had told the story of Apollo's love for Koronis. Koronis was unfaithful, and the god heard of her unfaithfulness through a raven: but Pindar knew well that no raven was needed. The same legend told that Apollo destroyed Koronis, and to justify this cruelty Pindar made her behaviour worse than tradition had made it. Tradition said that she was properly married to Ischys: Pindar said that she was not, and added that she did not tell her father.

The purpose of these changes was purely moral. Pindar was as passionate as Plato against the corrupting influence of some myths, and like Plato he found a special obstacle in the enormous influence and prestige of Homer, which made not only possible but popular the most undesirable stories about the gods. Xenophanes complained that Homer made the gods thieves, cheats and adulterers. Pindar agreed with him, and carefully made no mention of theft or cheating on Olympos. Adultery was less easy to ignore, and Pindar wisely dealt with it not as a moralist but as a poet. One character, however, was too much even for Pindar's capacity for alteration. Odysseus lived on as Homer had made him, and Pindar complained sadly of this misuse of genius in giving immortality to

so undesirable a character. Of Odysseus he had little good to say, calling his many wiles the tricks of inferior men and deploring his part in the quarrel over the arms of Achilles and in the death of Aias. For Pindar Odysseus was a sad and impressive example of what song can do, song which gives charm to everything and makes what is beyond belief seem true.

Pindar's changes, when all is said, are of little moral significance to us: what matters is the quality of his concern with religion and behaviour. If his disapproval seems capricious or his remedies inadequate, it is because he was scarcely concerned with a system of life, whether in theory or in practice. He lived for his various delights, the beauty and strength of his friends, good food and drink, and above all the ecstasy of religion and the ecstasy of poetry—and he had few perplexities in finding them. So his morality was built on the narrowest experience. Fortunately he had the life of the Greeks behind him, and it kept him from too great aberration. Yet even these values, which he got from the past, carried little weight with his contemporaries. The present, which he ignored, was finding new ways of living for itself.

That Pindar himself was not quite happy in his reformed theology, is clear. In the end he did not care whether men approved or disapproved of what the gods did. It was not for men to criticize, or imitate them. More than once he proclaims that men are not gods, and must not try to become gods: the gods can do what they like, and men cannot. Man can do much, but he cannot climb the brazen sky nor go on the wonderful road to the Hyperboreans. So by a devious journey Pindar arrives at the ordinary Greek conclusion—the Mean is the end of all. He only differs from Aristotle in finding the Mean in aristocracy and in relating its source and sanction to the gods. It is the same idea, but over a hundred years younger.

Pindar's concern was with the Great and the various aspects of their greatness. Consequently he seems both hard and narrow, but he was hard because he was a Greek and narrow because he was a poet. To regard health and wealth as excellences equalling courage and surpassing charity, to exclude from highest virtue all who are not rich or well born—such an attitude might seem to argue great moral perversity. Yet it has much common opinion and nearly all practice on its side. Moral philo-

sophers often insist on moral excellence alone, or assert that nothing is good but the good will. Pindar insisted on the other excellent things. He hated sickness, poverty and ugliness, and he was right to hate them even if he was wrong to hate the men who suffered from them. He liked health, success and beauty, and he was right to like them. He would have had no patience with the Greek saint in Karpathos who prayed for a dog's head to deliver him from his good looks. Pindar would have said that it served him right when his prayer was granted. His narrowness, his apparent lack of sympathy was due to the very brightness of his vision. He lived in a life so radiant that he had no interest or understanding outside it. If he had widened his sympathies, he might have lost some of his inspired concentration, his unfaltering rapture in speaking of what he loved.

2

Pindar's art is not classical but archaic. He was younger than Aeschylus, a good deal younger than Simonides, but his art is a century older than theirs. His home in Boeotia was as cut off from artistic as it was from intellectual impulses. Its few names in literature

are typical of its isolated, sedentary life, Hesiod is its counterpart to the Ionic Homer, Korinna to the Aeolic Sappho. Pindar complained of the proverb "Boeotian Pig", but his complaints made no difference. Heavy and hearty the Boeotians were and remained. Neither the protests of Pindar nor later the jokes of Aristophanes changed them. Pindar, like all his countrymen, was intensely conservative, in his art as in his politics. He was the last of the great Greek lyric poets. Bakchylides indeed was his contemporary, and the Greeks numbered him among the Nine Lyrists; but his gift was a small gift, a lovely, limpid style and a fine taste in adjectives, but no central core of inspiration. Pindar was the last lyric poet, and he knew it. His art like his religion looked back to the past, but not to the past of Homer or even of Alkman and Sappho. His ancestors were Hesiod and the nameless poets who served the Delphic God and wrote of the myths of Greece. The form of verse most associated with Pindar's name, the Triumphal Ode, grew from simple origins. At first the victor and his friends had sung a Triumph Song to a god or a hero. There was a famous one by Archilochos, addressed to Herakles and Iolaos, as short and

simple as "For he's a jolly good fellow" and used in much the same way: or something equally simple might be improvised. But the immediate predecessors of Pindar had turned the crowd of friends into a choir and the song into an elaborate work of art, which was usually sung not at the scene of victory but at a great feast at the victor's home. Pindar, who saw in successful athletes, the embodiment of most, if not all, human excellence, received and developed this tradition. The choir praised the victor and his family: that was, so to speak, the "Programme"; but like a great musical composition the poem spread its wings and soared beyond its first goal. It was indeed a "Choral Symphony", and Pindar wrote music as well as words. With the elaboration of the form the poet took his proper place. When the first person is used, Pindar is speaking in his own person. The poem is a message of honour from the Muses, and Pindar is their ambassador: the choir are only his interpreters or his mouthpiece. Sometimes, when calumny disturbed his peace of mind, he used a poem to justify himself to the world.

Pythian X, written when Pindar was twenty, shows the form of the Triumphal Ode full

grown. It was sung at a feast given by the Princes of Thessaly in the boy-victor's honour. Its theme is Happiness, and it turns nimbly enough to that gay delicious picture of the Hyperboreans which forms its core.¹ It consists of four *Triads*, each Triad containing *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* and *Epode*. In each Triad, that is to say, the main melody is played, repeated, and then concluded by a second melody. In its very simplest form, the Triad is common enough in English poetry: e.g.

Strophe: *Lay thy bow of pearl apart*

And thy crystal-shining quiver;

Antistrophe: *Give unto the flying hart*

Space to breathe, how short so-
ever;

Epode: *Thou that mak'st a day of night,*
Goddess excellently bright.

or

Strophe: *Such musick (as 'tis said)*

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morn-
ing sung,

¹ The theme of this ode is very simple, and the myth is palpably relevant to it. There is, we must suppose, a reason for all the myths that Pindar brings into his poems. But perhaps the better the art the less palpable the reason.

Antistrophe: *While the Creator Great*
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on
hinges hung,
 Epode: *And cast the dark foundations*
deep,
And bid the weltring waves their
oozy channel keep.

or in the Chorales of Bach, e.g., "Wachet auf" or "Straf mich nicht". But such simple instances have little to do with the elaborations of Pindar's Triads. The English Sonnet¹ may be regarded as a Triad, the two quatrains of the Octet being Strophe and Antistrophe, the Sextet a rather heavily weighted Epode. But the English Ode handled by Cowley or Dryden or Wordsworth is not, even when labelled "Pindarick", constructed in Triads: or when in

¹ As used, e.g., by Milton. Spenser's or Shakespeare's Sonnet is rather a tetrad, three Quatrains closed by a couplet. The curious *enjambement* in Milton's Sonnets (e.g., between Octet and Sextet in "On the Late Massacre" and in "On his Blindness") has remarkable parallels in Pindar, e.g., Pythian I, 2nd Triad, Antistrophe-Epode: or, most striking of all, Pythian II, opening of 4th Triad. There is perhaps little need to stress how the ample scale of Milton's "architectonic" style ("He knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme") continually illustrates Pindar's kindred genius.

the hands of Gray or Swinburne it is so constructed, the form is practically valueless—perhaps because they did not write for music, and only by music can the form be properly displayed.

The Tenth Pythian has four Triads, like a musical composition with four movements. Each Triad has its own colour: in the enhancement of the juxtaposed colours, or the cumulative emotional effect, is the last challenge of this difficult form. For this is court poetry, in which princely splendour is focussed, princely delight heightened, deepened and solemnized. Pindar seems to have felt this composition in the full form a strain on his youthful strength, and it was many years before he employed it again. His next two poems (Pythian VI and XII) are each a succession of stanzas: the next again (Pythian VII) a single and very simple Triad. But in Pythians XI and IX, twenty-four years later than Pythian X, his strength had matured, and the full Triad structure became habitual to him.

These Triumphal Odes were performed on very various occasions: sometimes on the field of victory, sometimes at a banquet in a nobleman's palace, sometimes at a public festival.

The victorious Contrada in Siena after the Palio, or Boat Race night, on the one hand, a "Te Deum" in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey for peace or victory on the other, may suggest the atmosphere: these Greek gentlemen could drink without insolence and pray without embarrassment. The choir was called *Kómos*, and the same word was used for any band of drunken revellers. The Choir was sometimes of men, sometimes of boys, the accompaniment wind or strings or both. But of Pindar's music we know lamentably little; a fragment which has survived for Pythian I, even if it be genuine, tells us little enough. We may perhaps assume that one melody was repeated (with various accompaniment) for every Strophe and Antistrophe of a poem, and another melody for every Epode. A simple way to display the Triad form would be for one half-choir to sing *Strophe*, the other half-choir to sing *Antistrophe*, the whole choir *Epode*, but it is reasonably certain that Pindar kept to no such formal scheme. Two of the poems called Pythian, and here translated, do not celebrate victories at all, and we may question if they were ever performed. These are the two letters to Hieron, Pythians III and II, which mark stages in Pindar's

breach with him. Yet we cannot doubt that they had their music, and they may as easily have been presented to Hieron on the lips of singers (perhaps at no especial feast) as in a registered envelope and by the hands of the postman.

3

Pindar has not much irony. His style is unashamedly poetical; he uses old words that poets had used before him, and coins new, shining words never meant for daily talk. His phrases are always dancing, a stately or a boisterous or a melting dance; he never pretends that they are just about their business. Their movement is often stiff and archaic, but that is Pindar. With us the poet is not often so content to advertise the separateness or solemnity of his calling, at least with Pindar's perfect seriousness. Irony is so welcome a protection that few are able or anxious to escape it. Yet Aristotle held Irony to be not less opposed to Truth than Fustian, and surely he was right. If Pindar lapses from Truth, it is at the other extreme. Not often: the exactness of his emotional truth is one of his most singular qualities. Sometimes when he writes in a hurry, as in Pythian VI, he topples over: Cheiron's

maxims look odd in his brocaded speech, and the heroic tale of Antilochos is left beating the air, its only upshot that Thrasyboulos is a boy of nice feelings. Sometimes too his mixing of metaphors is staggering; yet in his mind words accumulated meanings which defied the exact language of plain speech. The word "*aótos*", the nap or bloom of cloth, came to mean for him the special, fine quality of anything splendid, song or feasting or youth. The range of his interests was narrow, but in his limits he saw clearly every fine distinction, every particular excellence. Plain language could not provide exact expression of what he saw: ordinary words were too vague and too few. So he used metaphor to distinguish between this excellence and that, to convey the precise quality which provoked his ecstasy. The accumulation of metaphor, the succession of dazzling images is Pindar's most notable characteristic. Beside him Simonides is a master of irony. The economy, the ruthless paring of thought, which went to make one of his epigrams, his magnificent power of under-statement, were not for Pindar; who forged his song, as he himself said, out of gold and white ivory and the lily-flower of the sea's dew. Yet for all his shining

eloquence he could be simple enough. Nothing is more typical of his art than the short, surprising phrases with which he finishes a description or concentrates his passion. They can be found in any poem, and they remain in the mind because in them sound is perfectly one with sense. In them he shows an economy, but it is an economy of words and not of emotion. Simonides left it to his hearers to supply half the emotion, so strict was his economy: Pindar set all his emotion down and did it in four words only. Brevity is not his only simplicity. He could on great occasions use simple words: and the end of Pythian I shows that he knew the beauty of a quiet close.

Sometimes his imagination flagged, and as Longinus says of him, "no one is so unaccountably extinguished". This faultiness and uncertainty is perhaps archaic. Longinus indeed coupled Sophokles with Pindar in his criticism, but nowhere in his extant plays does Sophokles show aberrations so wanton and so inexcusable. When Pindar is dull, he is very dull indeed. He can enumerate athletic festivals or past athletic triumphs with the solemnity which he uses for the Olympian Gods. Perhaps here we must blame his theory of his art and of his own

function. These victories were in some way extremely important, and since he was a prophet he must dwell on their importance. Many things possessed for him a value which had nothing to do with his poetical art. Free though he was of politics, he was often distracted by religion, and unlike most Greeks who were too political to be very religious, he was too religious to be very political. The assertion of Hellenic freedom against Persia and Carthage had been steadily discouraged by the Delphic Oracle, and when the wars of liberation were over, it was impossible to respect both freedom and the Oracle. At first this was not fully apparent: there was no open breach, excuses were made, self-respect was saved. But the majority took less interest in Apollo, and did not trouble to be indignant that he had betrayed them, nor to demolish the excuses of the faithful: they had won without him, so what did it matter? To Pindar it mattered, and he insisted on his hearers knowing that it did. The tedious parts of the great Pythian IV, the clod of earth and Medea's oracle, are only a part of his defence. When Pindar was a boy, Sparta had tried and failed to check the power of Carthage by establishing Greek dominion in

Africa. Apollo, said the faithful, had discouraged that attempt, and here was his exquisite reason. Pindar lets flow round the dull, cloddish tale the undaunted beauty of his imagination, and at the end communicates to us his awe and wonder

*Medea's words filed past, and the godlike
heroes*

*Kept silent and still and bowed their heads
Listening to her deep wisdom.*

Yet Pindar is archaic, because he lacks the qualities which we find Hellenic. He added splendour to splendour, and his work is not a statue but a mosaic. He dazzles, even blinds the imagination. The choruses of Sophokles are far less rich than Pindar's odes. Put the praise of Athens in "Oedipus at Kolonos" beside Pythian I, and see how tight is the outline, how careful and exact the thought. Perhaps Pindar's exuberance implies some inferiority of mind, even of insight. Yet his senses were unsurpassed. No one in antiquity, not even Homer, had better eyes and ears. He saw with penetrating eyes the hard, bright world about him. His physical vision was unimpaired by his preoccupation with moral excellence or his

feeling of the presence of the gods. Indeed the gods added to the beauty of the world he saw. His description of Etna was clearer because he thought it a giant's prison: he looked at the strange sight with the clear, comprehending eyes of the true believer. He selected from what he saw and wove it into his verse in description and metaphor. He preferred simple things, the sun and the moon, trees and flowers and water, lightning and rain. He loved sound too no less than sight, and marked the quivering notes of the lyre, the deep voice of the wind, the clatter of iron making a ship. What his senses gave him, he used to see the gods clearer. He knew their shapes and voices, the silver feet of Aphrodite, the thunder of the voice of Zeus. So his vision of the gods heightened and clarified his perceptions, and left his mind simple and unperplexed. Ideas did not worry him: he had only to find words for his visions and his ecstasies, and the words he had in plenty. To-day Pindar would be less happy at Heart-break House than at Horseback Hall. Like the sportsman *de métier*, he does not insinuate his cleverness: his skill is taken for granted by himself and by those who have the breeding and the blood. He seldom questions his values, as

at Heartbreak House they question them day and night. And to Horseback Hall belong his archaic dignity, his reticences, his strong sense of fitness, his rare, unmodulated laughter.

4

The Pythian Festival, at which Pindar's heroes won their victories, was celebrated close by the oracle of Delphi (whose older and more sacred name was Pytho) in honour of Apollo Pythios. The oracle stood high on the southern face of Mount Parnassos: there is a green slope shut in by sheer limestone cliffs (such as there is on a vastly smaller scale in the Gorge at Cheddar): Kastalia, a small mountain torrent, runs past, and the eye, following down the ravine into which Kastalia falls, catches far below a glimpse of the gulf of Korinth. In its early days, the oracle was controlled by the important sea-port of Krisa; in the eighth century it began to direct the great movement of colonization from the Gulf of Korinth (which the Greeks called the Gulf of Krisa) westwards to Sicily and South Italy. It received gifts from foreign kings such as Midas and Gyges; its musical contest became famous, and it nursed a school of poets whose remains we find in the Hesiodic

fragments, and (better preserved) in the second half of the Homeric Hymn to Apollo. Early in the sixth century, an alliance of the chief states of northern and central Greece indicted Krisa for impiety: and in the "Sacred War" which followed, Krisa was utterly destroyed. The allied states, known henceforward as the Delphic Amphiktyony, took the oracle under their protection, and their representatives met at Delphi twice every year. The Amphiktyony was now recognized as equivalent to the Greek nation,¹ and Delphi became the religious centre of Greece.

The Amphiktyons presented the territory of Krisa to the oracle, and held in addition to the old musical festival a great Athletic Meeting on the now sacred land to celebrate the end of the war (c. 590 B.C.). Eight years later, in 582, began the regular succession of four-yearly festivals on the site of Krisa.² They were called Pythiads: the games lasted for four or five days, and included horse-racing and musical contests. They did not quite attain to the

¹ This is why Philip of Macedon was so eager to become an Amphiktyon. The curse pronounced on the Greeks who had willingly joined the Persians (Hdt. 7. 132) was in fact only pronounced on members of the Amphiktyony.

² We have not satisfied ourselves that Pindar makes any material distinction between Krisa and Kirrha: we have therefore used the one form, Krisa, throughout.

prestige of the Olympiads, which were older by two centuries, and had clearly served as the pattern for the newer festival. But these two, Olympiad and Pythiad, stood far ahead of any other rivals. Being both four-yearly festivals, and each falling two years after the other, they avoided rivalry. Indeed, to a competitor like Hieron, it must have seemed very like a two-yearly festival held alternately at Olympia and Delphi.

It is not hard for an Englishman to-day to have a fairly clear picture of what the Greek Games were like. The resemblance to our own great "classics" at Epsom or Doncaster, or the more spectacular cricket-matches at Lords, is real: the differences are superficial. For the horse-races (including the chariot-race) the Grand National gives in some ways a closer parallel than any of the flat races: for the Greek course though flat was very long, testing strength and endurance more than mere speed, and horses of great age ran and won: nor were casualties uncommon. Other differences are due to our different climate and civilization. But what is alike is fundamental,—the "lovely spoil of glory" (which the winner's owner in the paddock has no less than the successful

batsman), the unquestioning belief shared by all that this glory is real and comes near being the end of life, the excitement, brilliance and physical beauty of the whole scene. It is true of course that the Great Games were religious festivals, honoured by Zeus or Apollo or Poseidon, and Pindar never forgets this for a moment: they were "holy". But the connotation of the Greek word is other than ours. The M.C.C. or the Jockey Club are presiding deities of a great augustness and very seriously believed in. And if Zeus or Apollo had a certain spiritual or imaginative beauty, which these have not, yet the Greeks came to the games very definitely to enjoy themselves: indeed, something of the quality of a fair, with its simpler delights and business opportunities, was not lacking. Pindar of course is in the Pavilion or the County Stand: and while we are in his company, we are not greatly concerned with the groundlings.¹

5

For Pindar breathed his own delicious and

¹ The contrast between Pindar and the groundlings is put with piquancy in the notorious Tomba delle Bighe near Corneto, and by Pythagoras in his comparison of the life of man with the crowd at the Olympic Games (like Bunyan's *Vanity Fair*); Iamblichos, *V. Pyth.* 58.

serene air; noticing with pain, and yet hardly caring to notice, how values other than his own were every year more widely accepted. He was still alive when Anaxagoras published his famous treatise, when Protagoras was teaching and Euripides popularizing the new ideas, but he took no notice of science. He said that physicists were gathering a useless flower of knowledge and, while others tried to attain knowledge by enquiry, he was content to give a traditional explanation of the wonders of nature. Unlike Aeschylus, he was not interested in the discovery of new lands, and though his friends in Aigina and Sicily went on long voyages, he never turned their experience to his own profit, but acquiesced in the traditions which told that in Egypt women were married to goats and that the Nile floods were caused by an enormous god who stood at the source and controlled the waters with his feet. Particularly he distrusted the new movement in art which claimed to teach the use of words. He believed that art was inborn and that those who merely learned it were apes and jackdaws, copying but failing to equal the divine inspiration of real poets like himself. But his most magnificent patrons were one after another

overthrown or disgraced—the Thessalian nobles, the Sicilian tyrants, the Kings of Kyrene. He became a splendid survival, and his art grew slowly obsolete. The order of society, and the particular cities which he loved, were going down before the upstart democracy of Athens.

Yet what did it matter? If ever man did, Pindar looked on the world “sub specie aeternitatis”, and his faith in what he believed good could not be destroyed. At times indeed towards the end of his life, he is almost overwhelmed with the sorrow of it all, and he returns to the oldest kind of despair:

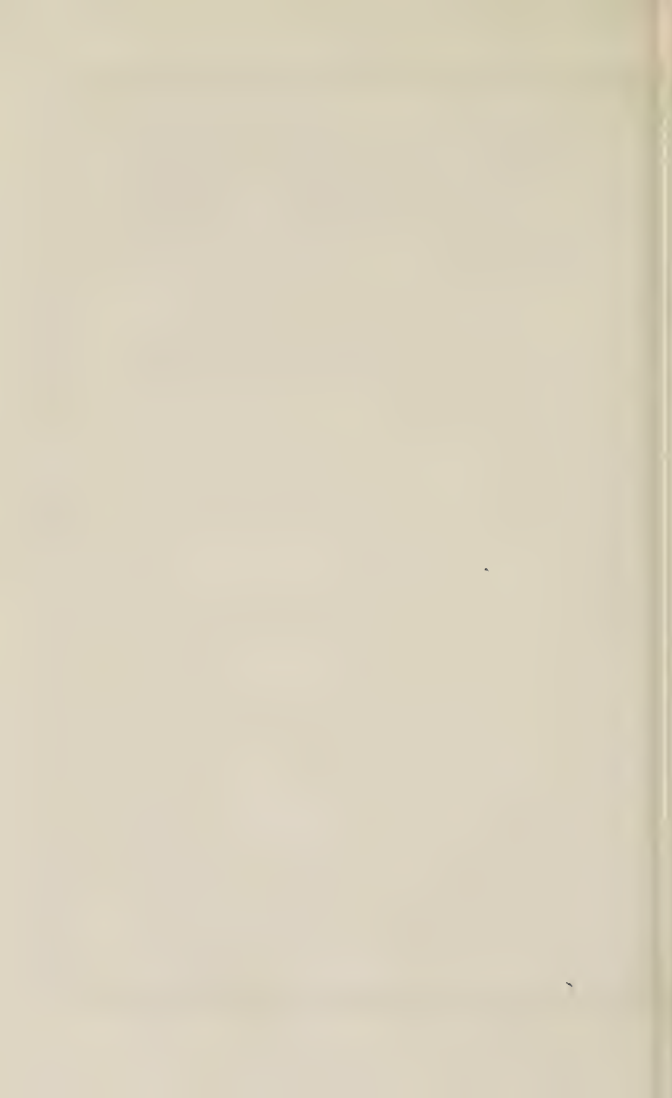
*Let a man remember that the limbs he clothes
are mortal*

*And in the end he will put on a garment of
clay.*

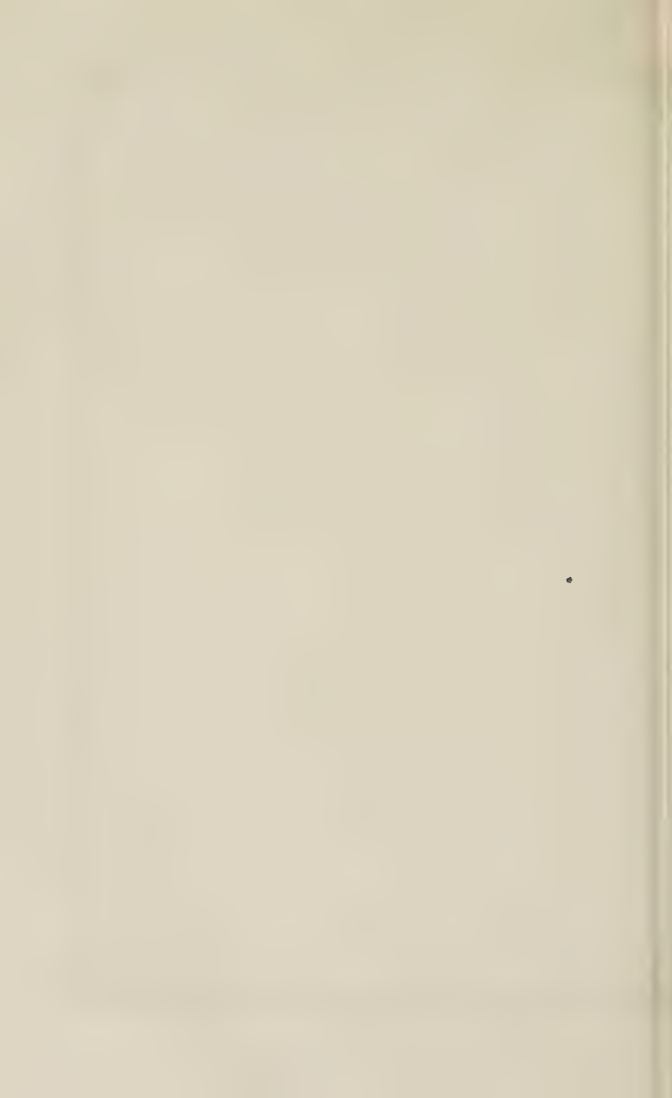
But he had schooled himself to worship felicity and yet endure what was to be had: and he armoured himself against circumstance by wanting something which he believed that man, with his changing fashions and forms of government, could not touch; only God could give it. The “*life of pleasure*”, ultimately, is what Pindar wants. He stretches his concept of

it to include greatness and power and fame and noble toil: but when all these fail, it is pleasure which may yet, at God's inscrutable bidding, be left. It was this calm weather, this brightness dropping from heaven, for which man was born.

*The Air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.*



THE ODES



PYTHIAN X
FOR HIPPOKLEAS OF THESSALY
WINNER IN THE DOUBLE RACE
FOR BOYS

498 B.C.

THE HAPPINESS OF SPARTA AND THES-
SALY: THE VICTOR AND HIS FAMILY

THEIR HAPPINESS: THE HYPERBOREANS

PERSEUS VISITS THEM: PINDAR CHECKS
HIS BOAT:

THE YOUNG VICTOR AT THE FEAST:
THE SONS OF ALEUAS.

P Y T H I A N X

Thorax of Larisa in Thessaly, the young King, had this poem written for his friend Hippokleas, who had won the boys' Long Flat Race at Delphi in 498 B.C., and perhaps another event as well.

Hippokleas was the son of a noble family in Pelinna, a town not far from Larisa: but Thorax and his brothers, of the great house of the Aleuadai, were the rulers of all Thessaly. Herodotus calls them *Basilees*, Kings: but Thorax, the eldest, must have borne the title of *Tagos* (first borne by his ancestor, Aleuas the Red), High King perhaps, or rather, since Thessaly was smaller than Ulster, Grand Duke. Anyway he was important and powerful, and the opening words of this poem suggest that he had recently concluded an alliance on equal terms with King Kleomenes of Lakedaimon, and thus ranged himself in the great federation of Hellenes which was preparing to meet the Persians. About eight years later, in 490 B.C.,

Kleomenes was in trouble at home, and looked to Thessaly for help, but found none. It may well be that Thorax himself depended for his position on Kleomenes' support: for whatever reason and at whatever date—it was well before 480—his position became untenable, and this time he turned to Persia and joined those exiles who hoped that Xerxes would restore them to their honours.

This move was fatal to his own fortunes and to his country's: it was the end of Thessalian importance in Hellas. Of Thorax we know no more. Some of his family, if not himself, patched up an agreement with Sparta and kept some of their honours, and a descendant, Aristippos, was a friend of Sokrates at the end of the century. But after Thorax the Grand-Dukedom passed from the Aleuadai to other families in the southern city of Pharsalos.

The luck of Hippokleas held, as Pindar prayed: he won at Olympia in 492 and 488. By then he was over twenty-five, and a runner's prime is brief.

Pindar was twenty years old when he wrote this, his earliest extant poem. Written for a boy by almost a boy, to be sung at a great feast, it is very gay and happy. Pindar allows,

but hardly believes, that the Gods and the
Men Beyond the North are happier than the
young men of Thessaly.

P Y T H I A N X

THE HYPERBOREANS *or* HAPPINESS

I

Happy Lakedaimon,
Fortunate Thessaly! in both
One father begot their race of Kings,
Herakles bravest in battle.
—What are these high untimely words?
Pytho, and the town of Pelinna, call to me
And the sons of Aleuas call, that I should bring,
In triumph
For Hippokleas, the loud voice of men.

He is tasting the Games.
To the host of the dwellers round,
That vale in Parnassos
Proclaimed him, first of the boys
In the double course.
—Apollo, sweet is the end of endeavour
 (Sweet too its beginning)
When a god speeds its growing.
I think you planned he should win this;

And the blood in him follows his father's
tracks

Who won at Olympia twice
In the armour of Ares which takes the brunt of
war;

And the games under the Rocks of Krisa,
In that deep meadow, put
Phrikias first in the runners' race.
Their luck hold, and keep in the days to come
Their lordly wealth aflower!

II

So great a share of the lovely things of Hellas
Is theirs, let God not envy them
And change their fortune.

—Though God alone never tastes woe,
Yet that man is happy, and poets sing of him,
Who conquers with hand or swift foot
And wins the greatest of prizes
By steadfastness and strength,

And lives to see
His young son, in turn, get crowns at Pytho.
He shall never climb the brazen sky;
But what bright things we mortal men attain,

He travels there
To the farthest edge of sailing.
But not in ships nor on foot
Will you find the marvellous road
To the hosting of the Folk-Beyond-the-North.

Perseus the Prince has been at their feasts:
He came to their houses
And found them making high sacrifice
Of a hundred asses to their god.
—In their feasts for ever and their praises
Is Apollo's chief delight;
He laughs as he sees
Their beasts' high-cocked presumption!

III

And the Muse never leaves that land,
For this is their life:—
Everywhere the girls are dancing
And the sound of the lyres is loud
and the noise of the flutes.
They bind their hair with bayleaves of gold,
They feast and are glad.
And sickness never, nor cursed old age
Touches their holy flesh:
Without toil, without war

They dwell, and do not fret
The stern scales of Nemesis.
—Breathing the courage of his heart
Came Danaä's son,
Athena his guide,
To visit the Fortunate Ones.
He slew Gorgon
And came with that head of writhing serpent
hair
To the men of the island, and struck them
Dead in stone.—But for me no wonder

If the Gods do it, nor anything hard for belief.
—Easy the oar: drop the anchor quick from
the bows;
Let it bite the bottom, to keep us off the reef.
The light of the holiday song
Darts from one thought to another like a bee!

IV

I hope when men of Ephyra
Pour out my sweet music beside Peneios
They will make Hippokleas with their singing
More splendid than ever,
for the crowns he has won,
Among his fellows and elders,

And the young girls will look at him.
—For many loves trouble the hopes of man;

To each his heart's desire:
And when he gets it,
Ravishing sweet will he find
The common thoughts he comes by,
 and there's no guessing
What any twelvemonth brings.
I know this,
Thorax has delights for his friends!
Who for my sake took pains to harness
This four-horsed chariot of the Muses.
He loves me, I him: he my guide, I his, in
 friendship.

At the test, gold is proved by the touchstone
And so is a true mind.
I have praise yet
For his excellent brothers, who bear on high
The Thessalians' land
And bring it to power.

 In the hands of good men lies
The noble piloting of cities
Handed from father to son.



PYTHIAN VI
FOR THRASYBOULOS

THIS POEM TO THRASYBOULOS IS SUNG IN PROCESSION ALONG THE STREET AT DELPHI IN HONOUR OF HIS FATHER XENOKRATES' CHARIOT: IT STANDS IN THE SUNLIGHT OF POETRY LIKE THE TREASURE-HOUSES ON THE ROAD AT DELPHI: A SON'S DUTY TO HIS FATHER: ANTILOCHOS DIED FOR HIS FATHER, NESTOR: PRAISE OF THE YOUNG PRINCE THRASYBOULOS.

P Y T H I A N V I

A N D P Y T H I A N X I I

At the Pythian Games of 490 B.C., two events were won by men from Akragas in Sicily, the Roman Agrigentum, the modern Girgenti. The chariot race was won by a team belonging to Xenokrates and brought to Greece by his son Thrasyboulos: a musical event, the flute-playing, by Midas. The Sixth Pythian is for Xenokrates and Thrasyboulos, the Twelfth for Midas. Behind both these victors lay the power and wealth of one man, Theron, the head of the House of the Emmenidai, who about a year later secured for himself the throne.

Theron was brother of Xenokrates and uncle of Thrasyboulos: Midas the musician was probably a member of his household. Under Theron's rule, Akragas was the second city in Sicily, the rival of Syracuse under the rule of the Deinomenidai, Gelon and Hieron: and for a quarter of a century, the lords of Akragas and

Syracuse were the first men in Sicily and perhaps the greatest potentates of the Greek world. They gave their power expression by many victories at the Games, especially in the Chariot Races: the team of horses which Thrasyboulos brought was one of the first¹ of the Sicilian winners, and Pindar's affection for Thrasyboulos the start of his long intimacy with the Sicilian Tyrants.

Pindar was twenty-eight at the time, and being at Delphi for the games appears to have lost his heart to Thrasyboulos. They were both young, and fond of music and of good-living. So Pindar announces the Sixth Pythian as a love poem: and twenty years later, when he addressed Isthmian II to this same Thrasyboulos, that was how he still regarded it. It is a curious work. After the glowing prelude, Thrasyboulos is taken (in Wilamowitz's phrase) through his catechism, and the general schoolmasterly air is only a little dissipated by the lyrical preciousness of the closing lines. Yet it is clear

¹ Not quite the first: the horse race at Olympia in 496 was won by Empedokles of Akragas. This Empedokles was probably Theron's most serious rival at Akragas: it was his son, Meton, who upset Theron's dynasty; and his grandson, Empedokles the poet, was at one time offered the empty throne.

that Pindar's feeling for him was very warm: like Antonio's for Bassanio, finding the slightest of virtues so fairly housed as to bear comparison with the greatest—how else account for the unconscious bathos when he is paragoned with Antilochos? The poem was, indeed, written in haste, for performance on the field of victory.

There is perhaps more of Aphrodite and the Graces in the lovely opening of Pythian XII. Girgenti, fairest of mortal cities, with the sheep at pasture on the riverside below, Pindar had never seen with his own eyes: he saw it with the eyes, excited and perhaps homesick, of his friend. Music was a passion which Pindar shared with the two Agrigentines, and the poem is about music. The goddess Athena is credited with two inventions: first the flute, and secondly, the ancient melody for the flute called *Polykephalos*, "Many-Headed". She wished to copy in music the noise made by the serpents in the Gorgons' hair; so she devised the flute, and made this, its most ancient melody: the many heads are the serpents' heads. This is of course poetry,¹ as when Her-

¹ Or rather Table-Talk?—at the table of Thrasyboulos, whose fancy after dinner, Pindar tells us in Pythian VI,

rick tells how violets came blue: the many heads were, in all likelihood, the many parts or movements of which this particular melody consisted. These ancient tunes, which probably dated from the seventh century, were sometimes written for stringed instruments, and the player sang words to them, as the famous *Orthian* tune which Arion sang to the pirates before he threw himself into the sea (Herod. I. 24). When written for the flute they still had a "programme": the *Pythian* tune for instance was for the flute and described, without words, the fight of Apollo with the Python. It is likely that the *Many-Headed* Tune described the slaying of Medusa, perhaps also those other adventures of Perseus on which Pindar touches in this ode—the stealing of the Eye, the show-

was "sweet as the honeycomb". And he says in another poem, addressed likewise to Thrasyboulos:

*Among the drinkers, among Dionysos' fruits
And Athenian chalices,
When the troublesome cares of men
Go away from their breasts:
In the sea of golden wealth
We all travel together to a shore of lies.*

To-day people will play with the notion that the *Tonus Peregrinus* gets its name from Israel's wanderings when they came out of Egypt, rather than the wanderings of the melody.

ing of Medusa's head to Polydektes. The name "Many-Headed" may have come from the "neglect of the unities" which so miscellaneous a programme would cause. It is possible that Midas had won his prize with this tune; or more probably, it had been played as a sort of overture, before the athletic or musical events began.

The Ode ends suddenly with certain reflections, which will leave most readers feeling they have not the key to Pindar's thought. "To succeed you must work, and have God and Fate on your side", that is simple and we may believe it suited Midas' case. "But Time is fond of surprises, and keeps you waiting for what you were counting on". For what is Midas kept waiting? In the case of an athlete we might suppose an Olympic victory: but for a flute-player there was no greater prize to win: what else he wanted, we cannot possibly tell. Somehow, this shadow of personal disappointment makes of Midas a person, no lay figure of a court minstrel.

Neither of these poems has the Triad structure, each is a plain succession of stanzas. Eight years earlier, in Pythian X, Pindar had produced a full-dress *Epinikion* in which no can-

did reader will find much to blame or detect easily the boyish hand. Once, then, for an adventure: it needed maturer strength to take the journey on every occasion. These poems, and the next, are a respite, like the comedies of the years which separate "Romeo" from "Macbeth".

P Y T H I A N V I

THRASYBOULOS

I

Listen! it is Aphrodite
of the sudden glances
(Or is it the Graces?) whose field we are plough-
ing now
On our road to the loud Earth's enshrined
navel.

Where, for a Pythian conqueror, waits
A Treasure House of songs,
For the happy *Emmenidai*,
for *Akragas* on her river,
And for *Xenokrates*: it is built with walls
In Apollo's gold-stored glade.

II

No wintry storms driving over,
Nor the loud thundercloud's
Merciless army, nor the gale,
Shall sweep it, pounded in devouring silt,
Into the gulfs of the sea.

Its Porch, in the pure light,
Shall stand, the herald of a Conquest
That a chariot made in the fold of Krisa Hill,
Glorious in the mouths of men,
Your Father's, Thrasyboulos, and all your
clan's.

III

You keep him on your right hand,
Not swerving from the commandment.

Among the mountains, they say, Phil-
yra's son

Gave to the mighty child of Peleus
far away from his home

This counsel: "*Zeus Kronidas,*
The deep-voiced Lord of Lightning and Thunder-
bolts,

Him thou shalt worship first of Gods:

And a like honour

Give to thy parents for the length of their days."

IV

Antilochos was a warrior of old
Who kept this purpose.
For he died for his father,
Abiding the murderousness

Of Memnon, prince of the Ethiopian host.
—Nestor's chariot was held
(An arrow of Paris pierced his horse): and that
man
Came on with mighty spear.
And the old Messenian, shaken at heart,
Cried upon his son.

V

That cry cast forth
Did not fall to the ground.
There standing fast, a more than man,
He paid his death for the rescuing of his father:
And gained, through his tremendous deed,
Among younger generations,
This fame, that he of the men of old
Was best son to his father.
—It was long ago:
Of men now, Thrasyboulos has come nearest
To what a father would have,

VI

And follows in all
His uncle's paths of splendour.
He gives thought to his wealth, not plucking
in violence or wrong
The flower of youth, but of wisdom

In the secret places of Pieria's maids.

You, Earth-Shaker, Master of running horses,

He pleases greatly, Poseidon: his thoughts are
of you.

Sweet is his heart,

And when his companions feast with him, is
like

Those cells the bees brim full.

PYTHIAN XII
FOR MIDAS OF AKRAGAS WINNER
IN THE FLUTE-PLAYING

490 B.C.

THE CITY OF AKRAGAS IS TO WELCOME
MIDAS THE FLUTE-PLAYER. ATHENA
INVENTED THE FLUTE AND A MELODY
FOR IT, FROM THE HISSING OF THE GOR-
GONS' SNAKES WHEN PERSEUS KILLED
MEDUSA, THE MANY-HEADED TUNE NOW
PLAYED ON THE REEDS FROM LAKE COPAIS
BESIDE ORCHOMENOS. THE SURPRISES
OF FORTUNE.

P Y T H I A N X I I

THE MANY-HEADED TUNE

I

I pray you, lover of splendour, fairest of mortal
cities,

Persephone's home,

Queen, dwelling on your well-built height,
where below

By the banks of Akragas the sheep are at
pasture,—

Be gracious, and with good will of immortals
and men

Take this Pythian crown,

Achieved by glorious Midas, and take himself,
Victor of Hellas

In that Art which Pallas Athena invented,
when

She wove to a tune

The ruthless Gorgons' deathly dirge;

II

Which Perseus heard, pouring from those
Virgins' lips

And the unapproachable serpent heads,
Amidst that woeful struggle, when he destroyed

The third part of the Sisters:
And brought to Seriphos in the sea
Her people's doom and her own.
Ay, and he darkened the unearthly brood
Of Phorkos, and made Polydektas rue
The gifts he asked for, and Danaä's
Long slavery and forced love!
For he had as his spoil broad-cheeked Medusa's
head,

III

The Son of Danaä: who, I say,
Was conceived of the Living Gold.
—And when she delivered from these labours
The man she loved, the Maiden created
The Flute's wide-ranging music, to copy in it
That loud and strong lamentation
Which reached her from Euryala's eager jaws.
The Goddess invented it, and gave her invention

To mortal men,
Naming it the *Tune of Many Heads*,
The glorious summons
To the multitudinous games,

IV

Blown through thin bronze, and blown through
the reeds

Which grow near the fair-spaced City of the
Graces

In the Garden of the Nymph of Kaphisos:
Wherever dancing is, they are sure to be.

Any bliss that man may win
(And without labour, none) God shall perfect,
To-day, perhaps! yet Fate must be abided.

Then lo! Time's hand

Throwing at you the unforeseen
Turns calculation upside down, and gives you
One thing, but another not yet.



PYTHIAN VII
FOR MEGAKLES OF ATHENS
WINNER IN THE CHARIOT-RACE

486 B.C.

ATHENS AND THE ALKMAIONIDS WHO
BUILT APOLLO'S TEMPLE IN DELPHI:
THEIR VICTORIES.

P Y T H I A N

V I I

Megakles the Alkmaionid belonged to a family which for two centuries was extremely prominent in Athenian politics: the lawgiver Kleisthenes was his uncle, Perikles his nephew, Alkibiades his great nephew. Megakles himself was ostracized from Athens in the spring of 486: in the autumn of the same year he won the chariot-race here celebrated. The poem is very slight, and has survived, because Megakles was an important man.

Pindar had studied music in Athens, and the Alkmaionid house had a special claim on his notice as the builders of the new temple at Delphi, which was probably completed soon after he was born. But during his lifetime, both city and family moved steadily further from all he valued.

It is worth remark that Athens' great glory, the battle of Marathon, fought four years before, is not mentioned. Perhaps Pindar had not seen its importance: he was not greatly concerned about the Persian danger: moreover

Megakles was suspected of being pro-Persian and his ostracism had doubtless been due partly to this.

P Y T H I A N V I I

MEGAKLES

Athens the mighty city!
For the strong house of the Alkmaionidai
This is the finest prelude
To lay as foundation-stone
 of my chariot-song.
For in what country, what clan, shall you
 dwell
And have more magnificent renown
For Hellas to hear?

For in every city the story runs
Of the citizens of Erectheus,
Who built in shining Pytho
Thy hall, Apollo, marvellous to behold.
There call to me also
Five victories at the Isthmos
And one paramount at God's Olympia
And two by Krisa,

Megakles, yours and your fathers'!
And in this last happy fortune
Some pleasure I have: but sorrow as well, at
 envy

Requiting your fine deeds.

—Thus always, they say,
Happiness, flowering and constant,
Brings after it
One thing with another.



PYTHIAN XI
FOR THRASYDAIOS OF THEBES
WINNER IN THE BOYS' FOOT-RACE

474 B.C.

PINDAR SUMMONS THE HEROINES TO THE
THEBAN ISMENION WHERE THIS POEM
IS SUNG AT EVENING IN PRAISE OF
THRASYDAIOS VICTOR AT KRISA,

WHERE ORESTES ONCE FOUND REFUGE:
HE ESCAPED WHEN KLYTAIMESTRA
KILLED AGAMEMNON AND KASSANDRA:
MEN'S EVIL TONGUES:

PINDAR HAS LOST HIS WAY: HE MUST DO
WHAT HE IS PAID FOR: THE VICTOR AND
HIS HOUSE:

THE MIDDLE FORTUNE WHICH IS YET NOT
SAFE FROM ENVY: THE LEAL AND TRUE:
IOLAOS, KASTOR AND POLYDEUKES

P Y T H I A N X I

In Pythian XI, Pindar is celebrating the victory of a young Theban at Delphi: and, remarking that this was where Orestes grew up to manhood and revenge, he tells the story of Orestes and Klytaimestra which Aeschylus told a few years later in his "Agamemnon" and "Choephoroi". Aeschylus spent over two thousand lines where Pindar had spent twenty, and his Klytaimestra is perhaps the greatest tragic figure in Greek drama. But we cannot fail to see how the germ of Aeschylus' play is in Pindar's few lines, especially the conception of Klytaimestra's character and motives: Homer's crude and sordid tale has been transfigured.¹ From this remarkable picture of the unhappy Queen, which for insight is without parallel in his work, Pindar breaks off with an uneasy

¹ The theme had been treated in the interval, by Stesichoros for instance, who did not think Iphigeneia irrelevant. But Stesichoros, though in antiquity he seemed both Epic and Lyric, was surely no Tragic poet: father of pastoral and akin to Theokritos, he was not the inventor of the Tragedy of Klytaimestra.

laugh: he has lost his way, he must do what he is paid for, that is he must praise good oligarchs: what does he care for any king or queen? This poem, like the next, was written when Pindar had just come back to Thebes from Hieron's court at Syracuse. The visit had been a success: he had won Hieron's friendship and come home a wealthy man. He was not however happy. His friendship with the great tyrant was unpopular among the Theban oligarchs, and Pindar was not only acutely sensitive to this, but, what was worse, in spite of an honest regard for Hieron his own mind was troubled. Had he found at Syracuse that pattern of felicity he had hoped to find?

Pindar unhappy is like a bird with its wing broken. He starts his poem with a radiant invocation to Kadmos' happy daughters, and ends with the memory of the Happy Warriors, Iolaos and the Heavenly Twins: he is fighting back to his proper atmosphere. Between, in the story of Klytaimestra, he plunges far deeper. Such in outline is the poem, which gives with his usual sensitive candour Pindar's emotional experience. And yet it is hard not to ask: is the exclamation "My friends, I have been in confusion" a fiction, or is it not? Did Pindar not

guess what depths his very wilfully chosen myth would ask him to sound? Perhaps only psychologists will answer: most readers do well to accept what illusion the artist creates. He passes from the Heroines to the great and tragical Queen, and then recoils—"I have lost my path, this is not my business". He turns to the Middle Fortune: and although even that, like Klytaimestra, suffers from envious tongues, yet truth and happiness do in fact exist, and with Kastor and Polydeukes we are out of the slough.

Where Pindar describes his confusion at the cross-roads, how he has been blown out of his course and how his Muse has made a bargain to hire her tongue, many Thebans must have listened with sharp attention, forgetting Orestes and Thrasydaïos, and thinking that this was his visit to Sicily which Pindar was, very candidly describing.

P Y T H I A N X I

O R E S T E S

I

Daughters of Kadmos,
Semela, neighbour
Of the mistresses of Olympos,
And Ino, White Goddess,
Sharer of the Nereids' sea-chambers,
Come with the mother of Herakles
(Blessed was her womb)
To Melia's presence, where the gold Tripods
stand
Inviolatè in the Treasury,
That Loxias honoured before all

And named it *Ismenion*, faithful seat
Of prophecy, O children of Harmonia,
Where now he bids assemble together
The folk that inhabits the Princesses' land,
Come here and sing loud
Of holy Themis and Pytho

And the straight justice of the navel of the
world,

When the evening has come,

Giving beauty to seven-gated Thebes
And to the Course at Krisa: where Thrasydaïos
Renowned the hearth of his fathers
And cast on it a third crown,
Triumphing in the rich ploughlands of Pylades,
The friend of Spartan *Orestes*:

II

Whom Arsinoa, his nurse,

—After his father's murder at the strong
hands

Of Klytaïmestra—

Saved from that grievous traitress, whose grey
bronze

Made Kassandra, Dardanid Priam's child,
Bear company with Agamemnon's spirit
To Acheron's shadowy shore,

Pitiless woman. Was it Iphigeneia,
Slain at Euripos far from her land,
Who stung her to uplift
The wrath of her heavy hand?

Or was she broken in to a paramour's bed
And the nightly loves
Turned her mind? That sin in young wives
None forgives,
And there is no way to hide it,

For others will talk
And foul speech runs in a city.
For bliss makes envy big as itself;
And he who breathes the dust
Whispers, but is not known.

And the son of Atreus himself, the hero,
Died, when with years he returned,
In famous Amyklai,

III

And brought death on the maiden prophetess,
he

Who had burned for Helen's sake
The Trojans' houses, and made cease their
delight.

And Orestes the young child
Came to a friend, old Strophios, that dwelt
At the foot of Parnassos. Yet Ares at the last
Brought him to slay his mother, and lay Aigis-
thos in blood.

—My friends, I have been in confusion
At the crossroads where the ways divide
Though I went on a straight path before.
Has a gale thrown me
Out of my course like a boat at sea?
—Muse, you have made a bargain to hire
Your silvered tongue
And have got to keep it agog, now here, now
there,

For Pythonikos to-day
Or Thrasydaïos his son. Behold
The fire of their mirth and glory!
Proud chariot-victors of old
At the famed *Olympic Contest*, with their
horses
They won that lightning splendour,

IV

And at Pytho they entered the naked lists
And foiled the hosted Hellenes with their
swiftness.

God help me to love beauty, yet desire
What I may have, among men of my age.
Having seen that the middle fortune in a city
Abounds longer in bliss, I have no use
For the state of princes:

I have put my strength
To achievements that all share: but the en-
vious men
Fight like blind fools.
Who that has found the heights
And lives in quietness there
Can escape their devilish presumption?
Yet fairer, when he treads it, shall be
The verge of black death,
If to his children, his sweet joy, he leaves
The best of his treasures
A good and well-loved name;

Such as carries about in song
Iolaos, Iphikles' son,
And strong Kastor, and you, Prince Poly-
deukes,
You sons of Gods,
Who dwell, one day, in graves below Therapna
And Olympos holds you on the morrow.

PYTHIAN IX
FOR TELESIKRATES OF KYRENE
WINNER IN THE RACE IN ARMOUR

474 B.C.

TELESIKRATES OF KYRENE. THE TALE
OF KYRENE AND APOLLO: KYRENE'S
FATHER, GRANDPARENTS, AND GREAT-
GRANDPARENTS:

THE TALE OF KYRENE AND APOLLO
THE TALE CONTINUED: THE BIRTH OF
ARISTAIOS: THE END OF THE TALE: TELE-
SIKRATES THE VICTOR:

THE MOMENT (KAIROS) BRINGS THE
PROCESSION TO THE GRAVES OF IOLAOS
AMPHITRYON AND HERAKLES BY ELEK-
TRA'S GATE IN THEBES: PINDAR HAS
USED THE OCCASION OF THE EARLIER
VICTORIES OF TELESIKRATES TO GIVE
PRAISE TO THEBES:

THE LIST OF VICTORIES CONTINUED:
TELESIKRATES ASKS PINDAR FOR THE
TALE OF HIS FORE-FATHER ALEXIDAMOS
WHO WON THE NOMAD BRIDE.

P Y T H I A N I X

Pindar wrote this, like the preceding ode, when he had just returned from Sicily. The hero, Telesikrates, had won the Hoplite Race (a foot-race in full armour). He was a man of Kyrene, but the poem is to be performed not at Kyrene but at a festival at Thebes. It is, for the greater part of it, a charmingly fresh and limpid poem: for classical Greek work, the love-interest is curiously prominent, and Telesikrates, one feels sure, is soon to be married.

In the first half, Pindar tells of Apollo's love for the girl Kyrene, who became the patron-heroine of the city: in the last Triad, how an ancestor of Telesikrates won a native princess for his bride. But men were still saying in Thebes that the poet preferred a Sicilian tyrant to an honest Theban, and Pindar is constrained to make a demonstration. The Procession is timed to reach, with the fourth Triad, that quarter of Thebes where Herakles and the other great Theban heroes had their graves. They are each invoked in turn with liturgical solemnity, and that done, Pindar protests that he is and has been a loyal Theban.

P Y T H I A N I X

K Y R E N E

I

I wish to proclaim aloud
The bronze-shielded Pythian victor,
And the deep-zoned Graces shall help me cry
his name

Telesikrates! fortunate man, crowning the
brows

Of Kyrene, the horse-taming maiden:
her, whom once

Lato's long-haired son
Snatched from the wind-swept glades of Pelion,
Carrying her off, wild girl,
In a golden chariot, he made her Queen
Of a country of many flocks and all kinds of
fruits,

To inhabit the third fixed continent of earth
And blossom in a lovely land.

Silver-footed Aphrodite
Received her guest from Delos,
Laying a light hand

On his chariot built in heaven.
And throwing on their sweet bed
The shamefastness of love
She made one marriage
For the God alike and the daughter of mighty
Hypseus.

(He was King those days of the presumptuous
Lapiths,
A hero, grandson of Ocean.
In the storied valleys of Pindos
The Naiad Kreousa, in joy at her love of
Peneios,

The daughter of Earth,
Bore him: and he
Bred up the strong-armed child *Kyrene*.)
She loved not the walk to and fro before the
loom
Nor the delight of feasting with her companions
Who kept the house:
But with javelins of brass and a sword
She fought and slew wild beasts,
And gave great peace and quiet
To her father's herds: niggard was she,
Letting her sweet bedfellow,
Sleep, brush her eyes but briefly, towards the
dawn.

The God of the Broad Quiver found her:

Whilst she was wrestling once

Alone with a strong lion, without her spears,

Far-shooting Apollo came on her.

Thereat with a shout

He called Cheiron out of his dwelling,

“Leave your dread cave, son of Philyra, and
be amazed

At the courage and great strength of a woman.

Look what a fight she makes, her head un-
flinching,

Her maiden spirit high

Above the struggle:

Fear makes no winter in her heart.

What mortal begot her? From what stock was
she torn

To dwell in the folds of the shadowy hills, and
sound

Her unplumbed depths of valour?

Were it no sin to lay my mighty hand on her

And take the delicious pasture of her love?”

—With softened eyes, the huge Centaur

Dewily laughed: swift and wise was his answer:

“They are secret keys

With which Persuasion knows how to unlock

The sanctuaries of love,
Phoibos : Gods and men are alike
Shy of it being said, when first they come
To some sweet maidenhead.

So you, whom untruth may not touch,
Were led in the honey-sweetness of your mood
To speak with guile.
You ask of what race the girl is—
You, Sire, who know
The appointed end of all, and all paths:
How many leaves in April the earth puts forth,
How many grains of sand
In the sea and in the rivers
Are troubled by the waves and the swirling
winds,
And what shall be, and whence it shall come,
You see with clear eyes.
If I must match my own wisdom with that

III

I will speak:—
You came to this glade to wed her,
And you will carry her over the sea
To the chosen garden of God.
You will make her there a Queen of Cities,

Gathering an island people
To a hill amidst a plain: but now
Among wide meadows the Lady *Libya*
Shall welcome her, your glorious bride,
In gold palaces gladly.
She shall give her at once, that she may dwell
 beside her,
A portion of land
To yield her fruit of all that grows,
And wild beasts shall be found there.

There she shall bear her child:
And Hermes the great God shall carry him
Away from his loving mother
To the high-throned Hours, and to Earth; and
 they,
Gazing at the fair infant on their knees,
Shall on his lips drop nectar and ambrosia
And make him undying.
His name shall be *Zeus* and holy *Apollo*,
The delight of them that love him: close at
 hand
To follow the flock, *Hunter* and *Shepherd*:
And others shall call him *Aristaios*".
He spoke, and aroused *Apollo*
To reach the sweet fulfilment of his marriage.

When Gods are once in haste
Their work is swift, their ways short:
That day, that day determined it.
In *Libya's* rich golden room
They lay together: and there
She is keeper of a city
Surpassing lovely, and famous in the *Games*.
And now in fair Pytho Karneiadass' son
Has grafted on her a flowering fortune.
There he won and proclaimed Kyrene:
And she will be kind and welcome him
To his land of fair women
From Delphi, with his lovely spoil of glory.

IV

Great deeds give choice of many tales.
Choose a slight tale, enrich it at large, and then
Let wise men listen!—Yet to all alike
The *Moment* gives the crown.
Whose favour was shown of old
In seven-gated Thebes
To *Iolaos*, that with the edge of his sword
Cut off Eurystheus' head; and then
Was hid deep in earth, in the grave
Of the chariot-driver *Amphitryon*
His father's father:
who lay, the Spartoi's guest,

Where he came once to live
In the Kadmeians' cavalcaded streets.

With him, and with Zeus, proud Alkmena lay,
And at one travail

Bore twin sons, strong prevailers in war.

—Dumb is that man, who will not turn aside
For Herakles his tongue,

Or ever forgets the waters of Dirke
Which nursed him and *Iphikles*.

—To them I will lead the Procession:

I asked for a blessing, and they gave it me
entire:

“Let not the pure light
Of the singing Graces forsake me”.

—In Aigina, I say,

And on the hill of Nisos,

Having three times brought glory to this city

I have escaped dumb helplessness indeed.

Therefore let friends in this city, and enemies
too,

Not hide

This labour for the good of all well spent.

Let them maintain the word

Of the Old Man of the Sea

*"Praise your enemy also
Who heartily, and in righteousness, does well".*

Often, too, you have won
At the returning mysteries of Pallas:
While maidens watched, and in silence each
 one wished
You, Telesikrates,
Were her dearest husband, or her son;

V

And at the Olympia, and the Games
 of deep-bosomed Earth,
Yea all the Games of your country.
Here is one, whose thirst I am quenching with
 song,
Demands his due, bids me again awake
The ancient fame of his fathers.
—For a Libyan woman's sake
They came to the city of Irasa,—her suitors,
Antaios' lovely-haired far-famous child.
She was sought by many a paladin, her kins-
 men
And many strangers besides:
For marvellous beauty

Was hers: and they longed to gather the
 blossoming fruit

Of her maidenhood, its crown of gold.
But her father was planting for his daughter
A finer wedding: he heard
How Danaos once in Argos could achieve
For his eight and forty daughters,
Before midday, a wedding swift indeed.
For he stood them all, then and there,
At the end of the lists: and bade these heroes,
 who had come to wed them,
Decide by foot-race which each man should
 have.

So too the Libyan offered, when he would
 choose
A bridegroom for his child.
He stood her on the line, arraying her
 to be their far goal,
And made proclamation in their midst:
He who first leaped forward
And touched the folds of her garments
Should lead her away for his own.
There did Alexidamos
Come clear of the swift race
And took the maiden princess, hand in his
 hand.
He led her through the host of the Nomad
 horsemen:

Many were the leaves and the garlands
they threw on him,
And many the wings of victory
He had won before.

PYTHIAN III
FOR HIERON OF SYRACUSE

WINTER 474 B.C.

PINDAR WISHES THAT THE CENTAUR
CHEIRON WERE LIVING, WHO NURSED AS-
KLEPIOS: KORONIS, ASKLEPIOS' MOTHER:

HER SIN: APOLLO SEES ALL: HE SENDS
ARTEMIS TO CONSUME HER: HE SAVES
ASKLEPIOS HIS CHILD:

ASKLEPIOS HEALS MEN: HIS SIN AND
DEATH: ALL MEN MUST DIE: PINDAR
WISHES THAT CHEIRON WERE LIVING
AND WOULD SEND HIERON A HEALER:

WHOM PINDAR MIGHT BRING TO HIM.

PELEUS TOO AND KADMOS

HAD SORROW: THE DOOMS OF INO,
AGAUA, AND AUTONOA: THE DOOM OF
ACHILLES: HIERON MUST BE CONTENT:
PINDAR PRAISES CONTENTMENT: HIERON
WITH HIS WEALTH HAS WON ETERNAL
FAME IN SONG.

P Y T H I A N I I I

A N D P Y T H I A N S I A N D I I

The three Odes which follow are addressed to Hieron, King of Syracuse. Pindar had already visited his court, and returned to Thebes, and from Thebes all these poems were written: he never visited Sicily again. There is one other poem, extant and entire, from Pindar to Hieron, Olympian I, written in 476 when Pindar was at Syracuse.

This group of four poems records, over a period of eight years, one of the few episodes in Pindar's life which we can to some extent follow. They cover practically the whole of Hieron's reign, for Olympian I is soon after his accession, Pythian II little before his death. We have seen that it was the lords of Akragas, and particularly Theron's nephew Thrasyboulos, who first as early as 490 turned Pindar's eyes to Sicily. The Kings of Akragas and Syracuse were closely connected by common circumstances, the common cause against Carthage

and by many marriages. But the Kings of Syracuse were the greater, and in their joint victory over Carthage at Himera in 480 Gelon of Syracuse was the deliverer. He did not outlive his victory long: he died in 478, and his brother Hieron succeeded him. In his reign of rather over ten years, Hieron broke the power of Etruria, thus making ample room for Greek civilisation in the central Mediterranean (a vacuum indeed too big for the Greeks to fill, and it was Rome who was to profit), and he maintained a court, which in material riches has perhaps been often enough rivalled, but in a rarer sort of splendour stands in the high company of Florence, Athens and Elizabethan London. It may be that this focussing of splendour is one of the chief functions of kingship, and, if so, Hieron was a great king. But what really dazzled Pindar was his apparent felicity, that blessing which most Greeks, and Pindar especially, so candidly coveted and admired.

Hieron's felicity was indeed incomplete. He was past the prime of life when he became king, and for over half his reign he knew that he was dying of dropsy. A popular Greek drinking catch names health, beauty, wealth

and the friendships of youth as the four elements of man's bliss: Hieron had lost his health and his youth; we cannot suppose that age and dropsy had left much of his looks. He had still his wealth, and on that Pindar pivots his consolation in Pythian III. Pindar was more serious in his admiration of wealth than we are: this unabashed praise of money would not jar on him: Hieron's wealth might well persuade Felicity to abide at his court, though he missed her in his own person. Pindar was troubled by a graver matter. We are taught from our youth that the pomp and vanity of this wicked world are a slight affair: Pindar was taught, and was very willing to believe, the exact contrary. Power and splendour were God's best gifts to men: Hieron seemed to have them in fullest measure, to "hold in his hands the perfection of all kinds of greatness". To find him not only a sick and dying man but a man of uncertain taste, at the mercy of liars of every sort, racked by suspicion, and cruel, was more than a mere blow to Pindar's ambition, it was what Dr. Johnson calls a "metaphysical distress" cutting at the very heart of the world. The adaptable Ionians, Simonides and his nephew Bakchylides, knew nothing of

this torment and were comfortable enough in Syracuse: Pindar detested them for this, and himself went back home.

Pindar had not quarrelled with the King. The winter after he returned to Thebes, Hieron invited him again to Syracuse, no doubt making of his own precarious health an affectionate reason why his friend should come back: the beautiful Third Pythian is Pindar's answer. He declines, in effect, the invitation; but for the moment neither his faith nor his pride seems hurt, and his poem is full of pity and consolation. Four years later Hieron's chariot was victorious at Delphi: he commissioned Pindar to write the poem for the festival, at which he meant to celebrate at the same time his five year old city of Etna. These are the two themes of Pythian I. The City of Etna stood on the site of the Ionian Katane (Catania), whose inhabitants had been transplanted. Hieron invited 5000 Dorians from Peloponnese, and sent 5000 from Syracuse: he wished to make of his new city a pattern of the Dorian military aristocracy, and for their king he gave them his own son Deinomenes.

Why was Etna founded, and this boy Deinomenes made its king? An explanation is sug-

gested on page 166. Hieron could not, it seems, make him heir to the throne of Syracuse; for that was Gelon's throne, and Gelon's son and Gelon's brothers still lived. This (and not the mere itch for a founder's heroic honours) is why Hieron tried to create a new kingdom which was not thus entailed to Gelon's heirs,—namely the Kingdom of Etna. The enterprise was begun in 475, soon after the settlement of an unpleasant family quarrel with Polyzalos and Theron, and now in 470 it was well under way. Hieron attached all his prestige to Etna (calling himself Hieron of Etna, and arranging to be buried there) because he wished his heir to be greater than Gelon's heir: the division of power proved fatal to both. The new city's fortunes died with its Founder: the Ionians of Katane reclaimed their town, and the Dorians retired to a site some ten miles away, nearer the summit (? Paterno). Tourists who wished to climb the volcano could get guides there: that was the fate which God the Achiever so soon set aside for the people of the city and their king.

Two years later again, Hieron, who had now won several horse-races at Olympia and a chariot-race at Delphi, won the greatest of all

"classics", the chariot-race at Olympia. Eight years earlier in Olympian I, Pindar had prayed for this, and that he might be allowed to celebrate it in song. But Hieron preferred to give the honour to Bakchylides, and Pindar's fury burst forth. The "Second Pythian" is not a Pythian; it has no connection with Delphi, and the victory it proclaims is this Olympic victory.¹ Pindar announces it, and speaks of the deliverance of Lokroi, and of the duty of gratitude, and relates the punishment of Ixion. Punishment is a "motif" which recurs in all the poems to Hieron, and here is surely no reference to Bakchylides: if anyone had been ungrateful, it was less Bakchylides than Pindar himself. Hieron is great and wise: the fool who denies this . . . is again surely not Bakchylides; Pindar had come far nearer to so doing. Thus the effect of the first part of the poem is this: "My friend, if ever I doubted you or was ungrateful, I was a fool and deserved Ixion's punishment. I send you this poem, like a merch-

¹ The "Second Pythian" is the only poem in this collection whose date is seriously in doubt. The date here adopted was put forward many years ago by A. B. Drachmann, and more recently by Mr. D. S. Robertson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in an unpublished paper. See Appendix II., page 163.

ant, on approval: remember my earlier poems which you liked".¹ After that Pindar quite suddenly abandons his studied calm: he spills his gall and says what comes to his mind. He is as incoherent as King Lear in Act III, and needs perhaps as little commentary. The logical sequence may be put like this, "I am trying to believe in you: for God's sake justify my belief". But we see only too plainly the real smart: Bakchylides has been preferred. This outburst is, so far as we know, the end of Pindar's dealing with Hieron: in two years the King died.

A curious feature in all the four poems is the obsession with the idea of sin and the wrath of God. Tantalos in Olympian I, Typhos, Koronis, Ixion, in these three Pythians, all sin against God and are punished terribly. It may be that Hieron (like Flecker's Haroun) liked this sombre richness, and found agony a fine colour. But was it not rather due to Pindar's sense that Felicity and Splendour, attributes of God, are

¹ The "*Kastoreion's* Aeolian Mood" is Olympian I, whose "cavalry tune" and "Aeolian music" Pindar mentions in lines 69-70. The "seven-stringed *Musik*" (in Greek *Phorminx*) is Pythian I. beginning with the invocation to the *Phorminx* or Lyre. One must suppose that "*Kastoreion*" and "*Phorminx*" were recognized names, like "*Choephoroi*" or "*Hippolytos*".

encircled by pitfalls and maintained by jealous and watchful punishments? or perhaps, to a more intangible clouding of the sunlight, a wrath in the soul, like that through which Michael Angelo painted, in the Sistine Chapel, his Avenging Christ.

P Y T H I A N I I I

KORONIS *or* THE CONSOLATION TO HIERON

I

I could wish
That Cheiron, Philyra's son,
(If with my lips I should utter all men's prayer)
Were alive, who is departed,
The lord of wide lands, the seed of Kronos
 Ouranidas,
—That he ruled in the glades of Pelion, the
 wild Centaur,
With a heart friendly to man:
As he was when he nursed
The gentle worker of sound-limbed painless-
 ness,
Asklepios the hero
Protector from every sickness.

Him the daughter of Phlegyas the great horse-
 man
Had not brought to birth
With Eileithyia to tend her,

When she was struck by the golden arrows
Of Artemis: in her chamber she went down
To the house of Death
By the working of Apollo.
It is not light, the anger of God's children—
But she
Making light of it in the folly of her soul
Must needs wed with another, cheating her
 sire,
She who had lain already with long-haired
 Phoibos

And bore the God's pure seed.
She would not wait the coming of the marriage-
 meal
Nor for the shout of many voices,
The Bride's song, that her friends, the girls of
 her age,
As the night falls, will sing to their playmate.
—Not she: she was after what was not there,
As many have been; vain heads all the sort of
 them,
Who disdain home things and cast their glance
 afar,
Chasing the empty air, with hopes
Which cannot attain.

II

Like that was the great blindness of the soul
 Of lovely-robed Koronis.
 For a stranger came
 From Arkadia, and she lay in his bed: but the
 Watcher saw her.
 By the sheep-altar in Pytho, the Temple's
 King
 Loxias, standing was ware of her.
 A most instant helper made him sure,
 His All-knowing Mind:
 Which holds no traffic with lies: no God, no
 man deceives it
 Neither in word nor in plan.

Yea then he perceived
 How with Ischys son of Elatos,
 A stranger, she lay, sinning deceitfully.
 He sent his Sister
 storming in terrible strength
 To Lakereia: for there
 Where the hills slope down to Boibias Lake
 The girl was dwelling.
 Changed now was the doom
 That turned her to evil and overcame her.
 Many were they of her neighbours
 who felt that stroke and died with her:

(Much is the timber on the hillside
That fire destroys, leaping from a single seed).

But when her kinsmen set the girl
 on the piled logs
And the hungry light of the Fire God ran
 around,
Then Apollo spoke:
“No more can my spirit endure
To destroy my child by this most pitiful death
After his mother’s anguish”.
—He spoke, and with one stride came
And out of the dead body snatched the child:
The flaming pyre blazed either side of him.
He bore him away and gave him
To the Magnesian Centaur: there he should
 learn
To heal the divers pains of the sicknesses of
 men.

III

All who came
Bound fast to sores which their own selves
 grew,
Or with limbs wounded, by grey bronze
 or a far-flung stone,

Or wasting in body with summer fire, or with
winter,—

He, loosing all from their several sorrows,
Delivered them. Some he tended with soft
incantations,

Some had juleps to drink,
Or round about their limbs he laid his simples,
And for some the knife: so he set all up straight.

Yet even Wisdom
Is in bondage to gain. Him too
A princely wage seduced, when the gold
gleamed in his hand,
To raise from the dead
A man whom Death had taken.
But Kronos' son

cast with his hands at the two of them:
Quickly he tore the breath out of their breasts
And the blazing thunderbolt drove death home.
—We must ask from the Gods things suited to
hearts that shall die,
Knowing the path we are in, the nature of our
doom.

Dear soul of mine, for immortal days
Trouble not: the availment that is to be had

Drain to the last. And yet, if only
Wise Cheiron were still living in his cave,
And the honey of our songs laid a spell on his
soul,

O surely I had moved him to send, even now,
One that should heal good men
From burning sicknesses, one called Son
of Latoïdas or of the Father.

I would have ploughed the Ionian Sea
And come by ship to the Fountain of Arethusa,
To my friend of Etna town,

IV

Who reigns in Syracuse
A King, kind to his people, not envying merit,
To strangers a marvellous father.
Could I have landed with double delight for him,
With the golden gift of health,
And a triumph to make bright the Pythian
crowns,

Which Pherenikos the conqueror horse
Won at the games
In Krisa once—
No star in heaven, I say, had then for him
shone farther
Than I, as I came from crossing the deep sea.

But this I will do, make my vow to the Mother.
To her and Pan the Maidens sing
Before my house,
Goddess of awe, in the nights.
And you, Hieron,
Having the wit to know
What sayings are sharp and true, have learnt
the old proverb:
"God, for one good, deals man a pair of ills".
This is what fools cannot bear with decency;
But good men can, and turn the fair part out-
wards.

Your portion of Felicity attends you.
On the Prince who rules his people, if on any,
Is the eye of mighty Fate.

Untroubled life

Neither Peleus had, the son of Aiakos,
Nor godlike Kadmos.
These two, they say, had the utmost bliss of
men:

They heard the Muses
Singing, with gold in their hair,
On that mountain and in seven-gated Thebes
(When one
Married soft-eyed Harmonia, and one Thetis,
Wise Nereus' golden child)

V

And with both the Gods feasted: they saw those
kings,

The Sons of Kronos, sitting on golden thrones,
And took their marriage gifts.

Through the favour of Zeus, they put from
them

Their former sorrows, and set their hearts up
straight.

—But time passed on: and from Kadmos
Three of his daughters, by their sharp anguish,
Took away his share of delight,

—Though Father Zeus came to the lovely bed
Of white-armed Thyona—

And Peleus' son, the only son
Whom immortal Thetis bore to him in Phthia,
Killed by an arrow in battle, was burned with
fire

And woke the Danaans' tears.

If any man understands the way of truth,
When the Blessed Ones send him aught,
He must needs be happy.

Many are the high-flying winds, and blow
many ways:

Man's bliss does not go steady for long
When it follows him with all its weight.

I will be little when little is my circumstance
And great when it is great. What doom,
 now or to come, attends me,
By that I will set my heart, and serve it after
 my measure.

If God should give me the luxury of wealth
I think surely, I would know
Thenceforth the heights of fame.

 Of Nestor and the Lykian Sarpedon,
Those household names,
The loud lines speak, which craftsmen built
 with skill,
And thence we know them.

 Greatness, in noble songs,
Endures through time: but to win this, few
 find easy.

PYTHIAN I
FOR HIERON OF ETNA
WINNER IN THE CHARIOT-RACE
470 B.C.

MUSIC IN HEAVEN AND IN HELL: THE
FURY OF TYPHOS PRISONED UNDER VES-
UVIUS AND ETNA:

ETNA, MOUNTAIN AND CITY:

PINDAR WILL PRAISE HIERON (WHO IS
DYING OF DROPSY): HIERON'S BATTLES:
HIS LAST BATTLE, AT KYME, AND THE
EXAMPLE OF PHILOKTETES: DEINOMENES,
HIERON'S SON AND KING OF ETNA:

THE CITY OF ETNA IS ON THE DORIAN
PATTERN: MAY ETNA'S FAME BE LIKE
SPARTA'S. PINDAR PRAYS FOR PEACE
FROM CARTHAGE AND ETRURIA, WHOM
HIERON DEFEATED AT KYME 472 B.C.:
WITH SALAMIS AND PLATAIA PINDAR
RANKS HIMERA, THE VICTORY OVER
CARTHAGE OF GELON HIERON'S BROTHER
(480 B.C.):

PINDAR CHECKS HIS PRAISE AND
ADDRESSES THE KING.



P Y T H I A N I

MUSIC

I

O lyre of gold, Apollo's
Treasure, shared with the violet-wreathed
Muses,
The light foot hears you, and the brightness
begins:

Your notes compel the singer
When to lead out the dance
The prelude is sounded on your trembling
strings.

You quench the warrior Thunderbolt's ever-
lasting flame:

On God's sceptre the Eagle sleeps,
Drooping his swift wings on either side,

The King of Birds.

You have poured a cloud on his beak and head,
and darkened his face:

His eyelids are shut with a sweet seal.

He sleeps, his lithe back heaves:

Your quivering song has conquered him.

Even Ares the violent
Leaving aside his harsh and pointed spears
Comforts his heart in drowsiness.
Your shafts enchant the souls even of the
 Gods
Through the wisdom of Lato's son
 and the deep-bosomed Muses.

And things that God loves not
Hear the voice of the maids of Pieria: they
 shudder
On earth and in the furious sea.
And He is afraid who lies in the horrors of
 Hell,
God's enemy,
 Typhos the hundred-headed,
Nursed once in the famed Cilician Cave.
But now above Kyme the foam-fronting
 heights,
And the land of Sicily, lie
Heavily on his shaggy chest.
The Pillar of Heaven holds him fast,
White *Etna*, which all year round
Suckles its biting snows.

II

Pure founts of unapproachable fire

Belch from its depths.

In the day-time its rivers

Pour forth a glowing stream of smoke:

But in the darkness red flame rolls

And into the deep level sea

throws the rocks roaring.

And that huge Worm

Spouts dreadful fountains of flame,—

A marvel and wonder to see it, a marvel even

to hear, from those who are there,

What a monster is held down

Under Etna's dark-leaved peaks, and under
the plain.

The bed he lies on

Driving furrows up and down his back

Goads him.

Let, O Zeus,

Let Thy favour be found, Thou that art on

This Mount, the brow of a fertile land.

Whose namesake city near

Took her great founder's glory: the herald de-
clared it

On the course at Pytho, when he cried the
name

Hieron! proud victor

In the chariot-race.—Sea-faring men
Look first for the luck of the wind
To start them outward: they reckon
That promises well for the road home at the
end:

So does this happy fortune
Give argument to hope
That this city shall have renown for ever
For wreaths and horses,
And fame in the music of her feasts.

Thou Lykian, thou Lord of Delos,
Phoibos, who lovest
Kastalia, Parnassos' stream,
Be pleased to have this in thy thought
And enrich the land with men.

III

For the Gods give all the means of mortal
greatness.

They grant man skill,
Might of hand and eloquence.

My praise is ripe for One:

I do not mean

To make a *No-Throw* with the javelin's
bronze cheek

That quivers in my hand,

But with a great cast to out distance all the
field.

Ah! may the rest of time guide him straight
As now, in prosperous and rich possession,
And grant him to forget his troubles.

Then will he remember the wars and the
battles,

When his soul endured and he stood firm,
When in the strength of the Gods his house
won glory

More than is reaped by any in Hellas,
A nobleness to crown their wealth.

—But this last time he went to war
Like Philoktetes of old: (enforcement here
Brought even a mighty Lord
To fawn on him for friendship).
For the godlike heroes fetched from Lemnos
once

(The tale says), weary with his wound,

The son of Poias, the archer:

Who broke down Priam's city and ended the
Danaans' toil,

His body weak as he went, yet it was to be.

So God be Hieron's maintainer

In the time that comes, and give him
Enough of his heart's desire.

Muse, I pray you consent
To sing in the house of Deinomenes as well
The chariot's due of song:
He too has joy in his father's victory.
Come, now, let us find a song
Of love for Etna's King.

IV

Hieron founded for him this city
In God's pattern of freedom.
He founded her in the Laws
Which the people of Hyllos keep.
A race born of Pamphylos
yea and of the sons of Herakles,
That dwells below the heights of Taygetos,
Has chosen to remain for ever in the Laws of
Aigimios
A Dorian people. They prospered and took
Amyklai;
From Mount Pindos they came.
Now beside the Tyndaridai, the lords of
white horses,
They dwell deep in glory:
The renown of their spears has come to flower.

God the achiever,

I pray that by the waters of *Amenas*

A fate like this may be set aside for ever

For the men of the city and their princes,

By the truthful speech of men.

With thy help, the man who leads them

(and he shall instruct his son)

Shall give his people honour, and turn them

To peaceful concord.—Grant, I beg,

O Son of Kronos, that the Phoenician

And the Tyrrhenians' war-cry

Keep quiet at home: it has seen what woe to
its ships

Came of its pride before Kyme

And all that befell when the Lord of Syracuse
routed them,

Who out of their swift-sailing ships

Cast down their youth in the sea

—The dragger of Hellas from her weight of
slavery.

Salamis shall win me

The thanks of the Athenians for my pay-
ment;

And in Sparta the Battles before Kithairon,

For there the Medes gave way with their bend-
ed bows:

But by Himera's well-watered banks
A song composed for Deinomenes' sons,
That their valour earned
When the hosts of their enemies gave way.

V

Say enough and no more,
 and spin in a slender twine
The threads of many tales,
And men shall carp less at your heels.
Tedious Too-much dulls the quick edge of
 hope:
And words in a city weigh on men's hidden
 pride
Worst, when you say good things of another.
 Yet, to be envied is better than pitied!
Loose not your hold on beautiful things.
Guide your host with a rudder of justice,
And on an anvil of truth
Forge an iron tongue.

Any small spark struck out,
Being yours, flies with power.
Disposer of many,
Many are the witnesses and true
Of your good and evil.

Abide in the fair garden of your spirit,
And, if you love to be always in pleasant
report,
Spend, and be not overgrieved at it.
Let out the sail like a helmsman to the wind.
Never believe, dear friend, in the close fist's
cunning:
Only the glory of fame which they leave behind
them

Proclaims men's way of life, when they die,
in history and in song.
The excellent kind heart of *Kroisos* does not
perish,
But the pitiless soul,
That roasted men in his bull of brass,
Phalaris, in every land
his evil fame overwhelms him.
No lyres call him into the hall,
Blending softly his name
with the voices of boys.
Good fortune is the best and first of prizes,
Good name the second possession:
The man who has found both and keeps them
Has won the highest crown.



PYTHIAN II
FOR HIERON OF SYRACUSE

468 B.C.

HIERON'S VICTORY: GREAT KINGS ARE
THE THEME OF POETS: THE LOKRIAN
MAIDEN SINGS OF HIERON WHO DE-
LIVERED LOKROI FROM KROTON: IXION:

INGRATITUDE, THE SIN OF IXION: THE
BIRTH OF KENTAUROS.

THE POWER OF GOD: PINDAR CHECKS
HIS ANGER (HE HAS A RIVAL AT THE
COURT) AND PRAISES HIERON: HE COM-
MENDS THIS POEM TO HIM FOR THE
SAKE OF EARLIER POEMS (OLYMPIAN I
AND PYTHIAN I): LET HIERON DIS-
TINGUISH GOOD FROM BAD,

AND NOT LISTEN TO LIES: PINDAR DEFIES
HIS ENEMIES: GOD WILL JUDGE: THE FIT
AND FEW.



P Y T H I A N I I

I X I O N

I

Mighty City of Syracuse !
Where Ares dwells in depths of war,
Where men and horses mailed for battle
Have holy nurture; to you I come
Bringing from shining Thebes this song. I tell
How, where the teams of four horses made
 earth tremble,
Hieron and his good chariot conquered
And wreathed Ortygia with far-shining crowns,
Where the Lady of Rivers, Artemis, dwells.
She failed him not
When with light hand on the embroidered
 reins
He broke those young mares in.

For she, archeress maiden, with either hand,
And Hermes, Lord of the Games,
Put on the bright harness, when to the smooth
 car
 and the axle that follows the rein

He yokes the strong mares,
And calls on the Trident-Lifter, the far-felt
God.

For one or another King a poet makes
The clear-voiced hymn, the due of his great-
ness.

Often in Kypros they celebrate with song
Kinyras, whom Apollo the golden-haired
Delighted to love,

And Aphrodite stalled him in her temple.
Their songs are of thanks and worship
For the labours of his love.
But your name, O son of Deinomenes,
The girl of Lokris-in-the-West
Sings on her doorstep: after the toils and
despairs of war
Because of your strength her eyes are stead-
fast.

They say that Ixion, commanded by the
Gods,
Speaks thus to man, on his winged wheel turn-
ing all ways:
*"Thou shalt be zealous for him that does thee
service
And pay him gentle return".*

II

He learned that surely. Among Kronos' kindly
sons

Lapped in sweet ease, he stayed not long in bliss,
Fool in his wits!

Who loved Hera, her that is set apart
For the mighty joys of Zeus. But Pride drove
him

To blind presumptuous folly.

He suffered soon his due, getting
a choice award of woe.

His two sins live and bring him misery: one
That he, a hero, first and with guile
Brought kindred blood upon men,

The other that in the great darkness of a bridal
chamber

He tempted the wife of Zeus.

(Let a man, when he measures,
Remember his own size!) His lawless love
Cast him into great depths of evil
When he came to her bed: for he lay by the
side of a Cloud,

Clasping a sweet lie, ignorant man.

Its shape was like the most mighty daughter
of Kronos
the son of Heaven.

The hands of Zeus made it,
To snare him, a lovely sorrow.
And so, bound to the four spokes

He got his own ruin.
Thrown in fetters he shall not escape, he pro-
claims
His universal message.
Far were the Graces, when the Cloud
Bore him a monstrous issue,
She like nothing, and like nothing It:
Which found no favour among men, nor in
the company of the Gods.
She nursed It, and called It Kentauros: and
It lay
With the Magnesian mares on Pelion's foot-
hills.
And a race was born
Prodigious, in the image of both parents,
Their nether parts of the mother, their father's
above.

III

God reaches, as soon as thought, his ends:
God, who can catch the winged eagle
And overtakes the dolphin in the sea.
He can bring down any whose heart is high,

And to others he will give unaging splendour.
But I

Must keep from the sharp bites of slander:

For far in the past I see

Archilochos the scold in poverty,

Fattening his leanness

with hate and heavy words.

Wealth, and the fortune

To be wise as well, is best.

And that, men see, is yours,

Your free heart displays it,

Sovran master of the many streets

Which crown your city, and of a host of men.

And if anyone says

That riches like that and such great glory

Were ever yet surpassed by the older Hellenes,

The fond fool struggles in vain.

I will climb to the flowery bows

And make noise of your greatness.

Youth asks for courage in the terrors of war:

And thence you won

Your infinite renown,

Fighting now in the charging cavalry,

now with the men on foot.

Your riper age's wisdom
Gives me a theme, where without peril I sound
The whole gamut of praise.

Good-bye. This song
I am sending, like a Phoenician merchant, over
the grey sea.

And on the *Kastoreion's* Aeolian mood, so
please you,

Look: turn to it, if ever

You liked my seven-stringed *Music*.

O find, and be, yourself! "O that
Lovely ape!" cry the children, "O how

IV

Lovely!" But Rhadamanthys has found bliss,
Because his judgment bore him fruit beyond
cavil,

And his heart in him has no pleasure in lies,
The constant retinue of crafty whispering men.
—Whom you cannot fight, and they spoil two
lives,

Sly hinters of slander,
Their minds exceedingly like foxes' minds.

Yet Lady Vixen was not so cunning for
once—

Let the rest of the tackle toil in the sea's
depths, I

Am the cork that rides the surge, I'll get no
ducking!

He cannot throw down his word like a man
In honest company, your twisting knave—
He fawns upon all, weaving fine threads of mis-
chief.

My boldness is not his. Let me love my friend,
But if I must fight my foe, I'll be wolf and
make for his legs,

I'll be here and there, and twist and turn!
And yet, whoever governs, way is made
For the straight-spoken man;
Where one is king, or when a city is over-
watched

By the brute multitude, or by the wise.
No man must fight with God,

Who exalts now those, then to others anon
He will give great splendour.—But that
Is little comfort for envious minds.
They strain at a course they cannot stay,
And the sharp wound is in their heart, or ever
Their careful schemes come right.
Let them take the yoke on their neck
And bear it lightly: it were best.

To kick against the goads is the way
To come sprawling.—May I have the regard
Of the noble, and be with them.

PYTHIAN V
FOR ARKESILAS OF KYRENE
WINNER IN THE CHARIOT-RACE

462 B.C.

THE STATE OF PRINCES: KING ARKESILAS HAS
WON THE CHARIOT-RACE AT DELPHI: KAR-
RHOTOS WAS THE DRIVER:

WHOM PINDAR PRAISES AND ADDRESSES:
BATTOS WAS THE FIRST KING OF KYRENE,
SENT THERE FROM THERA

BY APOLLO, HEALER, MUSICIAN AND PROPHET:
PINDAR CLAIMS KINSHIP WITH SPARTA, THERA
AND KYRENE: IT IS KARNEIA NOW AT KYRENE:
THERE WERE TROJANS FIRST AT KYRENE,
AND THEN THE MEN OF ARISTOTELES (WHO
WAS CALLED BATTOS): THE PAVED STREET OF
BATTOS WHERE THIS POEM IS TO BE SUNG: AT
ONE END THE TOMB OF BATTOS,

AT THE OTHER END THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS,
HIS ISSUE: THEY LISTEN TO THE GREATNESS
OF THEIR RACE AND TO-DAY TO THE VICTORY
OF ARKESILAS: PINDAR PRAISES ARKESILAS
AND PRAYS HE MAY WIN THE CHARIOT RACE
AT OLYMPIA.



P Y T H I A N V

A N D P Y T H I A N I V

Kyrene was the chief Greek colony in Africa. In the latter half of the Sixth Century before Christ, Carthage had extended her dominions over all the North-West of Africa, and Persia had conquered Egypt in the North-East: Kyrene was held between the two, and an attempt by Sparta about 512 B.C. to relieve the pressure in the West ended in complete failure (see p. xxxvii and Herod. 5. 42). Kyrene had accordingly made friends with Persia, and with her help the Kings of Kyrene ruled over most of the modern Tripoli, a kingdom equal in size and wealth, though not in political independence, to the great Sicilian monarchies. In 462, the young Arkesilas IV occupied the throne. A proper hereditary kingship (Arkesilas was the eighth king) in a perfectly civilized Hellenic city, was an anachronism in the Fifth Century before Christ, but it appealed intensely to Pindar's sense of the past: it mattered little to

him if its survival was mainly due to Persian policy.

Arkesilas was not happy on his throne. A democratic party, formed of Greek serf-owning landlords, of the same race as the royal house, revolted under Damophilos. The rebels were defeated, and Damophilos was exiled to Thebes. Arkesilas, anxious to increase his prestige and his power, sent his brother-in-law, Karrhotos, to Greece on a double mission; he was to collect mercenaries for the occupation of Euesperides, the modern Bengazi, a Greek city which the Persians had placed under the Kings of Kyrene, and he was to win the chariot-race at Delphi. The mercenaries were collected, and the chariot-race was won in 462. Pindar had formed a connection with Kyrene twelve years before, when he wrote an ode for Telesikrates, but stronger bonds held him. The king and nobles were Aigeïdai, descended from the same conquerors of Amyklai as Pindar himself. At Thebes Pindar entertained Damophilos and at Delphi he met Karrhotos. The result was that Karrhotos, anxious to restore unity to his divided city, saw in Pindar the right man to further his policy, and asked him to write two odes, which should serve the

double purpose of celebrating the chariot victory and suggesting to Arkesilas that now was the time to recall Damophilos.

Pythian V was sung at Kyrene in the autumn of 461 at the Karneia, the Dorian feast of Apollo, and the choir consisted of men marching in the procession. The poem describes the successive stages of the march, along the famous paved road between the two hills on which the town stood, from the market-place where Battos the first king was buried, to the royal palace, in front of which were the graves of the other kings. This exquisite, solemn poem recalled to the Kyreneans who attended the festival what divinity hedged their royal house.

Pythian IV, sung afterwards at the feast inside the palace, is in strong contrast,—the most straightforward, as it is the most ambitious and by far the longest, of all Pindar's poems. The body of the poem tells the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece: for, says Pindar, from one of his companions on the Quest, the Royal House of Kyrene sprang. In the *Prelude*, Medea foretells the founding of Kyrene: and also explains why certain prophecies, promising far more of Africa to the Greeks, cannot be

fulfilled. There can be little doubt that these prophecies had been current at the time of the Spartan venture of fifty years before (cf. Herod. 4. 178-179). In the *Conclusion* Pindar advises, rather than requests, the young King to recall Damophilos. He is wasting abroad talents which would be useful at home: above all, mercy is a fine thing.

This direct interference in politics is unique in Pindar's recorded life. We know of no other case, and in this case we do not know if the interference was successful or not. Arkesilas won the chariot-race at Olympia in 460, that great felicity for which Pindar prays at the close of Pythian V: but it seems that it was not many years before he was murdered by his subjects, and the long dynasty at Kyrene was finished. Perhaps while these poems were being sung, certainly before he celebrated his Olympian triumph, a far greater bid than Sparta's was being made, by Athens, for the Hellenizing of North Africa. The Athenians hoped to throw the Persians out of Egypt and Africa, and came within measurable distance of doing so. After six years, in 456, the great attempt failed; yet probably, by cutting off the hope of Persian support, it had been the ruin of Arkesilas'

house. The remnant of the Athenian fleet and army found refuge in Kyrene, which was now certainly independent of Persia and probably a democracy: the restless Athenians were as ever unbuilding Pindar's world.

But the house of Battos was not extinguished: a century and a half later, it produced the poet Kallimachos.

P Y T H I A N V

THE KINGS OF KYRENE

I

The strength of wealth is wide,
When a mortal man
Has it from Fortune's hands, and mixes with it
An unstained nobleness: and, whom it follows,
Many are his friends.
You, Arkesilas, God's care,
Have won it from the high steps of your
glorious life
Through Kastor, gold-charioted lord.
After the storm-shower
He smiles fair weather down on your happy
hearth.

The wise wear with a fairer grace
This power which Gods have given.
You who walk in righteousness
Have great prosperity round you.
First, you are king of mighty cities
(Your royal eye
Looks on no title so honourable

As this, engrafted on your heart)
And to-day too you are happy, your horses
 have won your prayer
At the Feast of glorious Pytho,
And you have received this visit, a triumph of
 men,

The light of Apollo's eyes.—
Forget not, while you are sung of
In Aphrodite's sweet garden at Kyrene,
To set God as the Cause
Over all things, and to love
Karrhotos the best of your companions.
He did not come bringing
Excuse, the daughter of late-wise After-
 thought,
To the halls where Battos' sons
Of right bear rule—
Nay, but he proved your chariot the best
Whilst a guest by the water of Kastalia,
And set the prize on your hair,

II

His reins untangled, where swift feet go
Twelve times around the holy Field.
He broke nothing of his strong-harnessed car:
It is hung on high,

All that cunning handwork that he took with
him

Past the Krisean Hill

Into the level Field, the Glade of the God.

The Cypress Chamber keeps it

Hard by that Image

Which the Kretan bowmen set

In a shrine on Parnassos—a tree-trunk up-
rooted whole.

With glad heart then you may meet him

Who has done for you so well.

—On you, Son of Alexibios,

Is the light of the lovely-haired Graces:

Happy, for if your labour was great,

In noblest words is your memorial.

Among forty drivers who fell

You brought your chariot

Whole, with unflinching heart;

And now from the splendid encounter you have
come

To Libya's plain, and the City of your fathers.

There is no man, nor shall be,

Without his portion of troubles.

Yet, after one thing and another,

Still the old happiness of *Battos* clings,
A tower of the city,
A most bright eye to strangers.
From him in terror
 loud-roaring lions fled
When he unloosed on them his seafarer's
 tongue.

Apollo, the Leader of the Way,
Delivered the wild beasts to terrible fear,
That his vice-gerent in Kyrene
Should know his oracles come true.

III

He grants to men and women
Healing from grievous sicknesses:
His is the harp: He gives to whom He will
The Muse, and brings into the heart
Law, that thinks not of battle:
In the Cave of Prophecy he is found.
Thence he established in Lakedaimon,
In Argos and holy Pylos, the valiant children
Of Herakles and Aigimios.
And He proclaims
My well-prized glory, that I have from Sparta.

For thence were sprung
The men who came to Thera, the Aigeidai

Kinsmen to me,
(Not without Gods, a Destiny led them):
From them
The Feast of Friends, and the sacrifices, came
To us, who at your banquet,
Apollo Karneios,
Honour the strong-built city of Kyrene,
The city of the bronze-armoured strangers,
Antenor's sons from Troy.
They came with Helen, after they saw
Their country in smoke

From the God of War.

That was a race of horsemen;
And others, who found them,
Were gentle, offering sacrifices and gifts,
Aristoteles' men,
Whom he carried in swift ships, cleaving
A deep path in the sea.
He enlarged the Groves of the Gods, and made
For Apollo's processions, which keep his people safe,
A straight hewn way,
Level and paved,
Sounding with the tramp of horses.
And there at the far end of the Market Place
He lies apart in death.

IV

He dwelt in bliss among men: and afterwards,
a hero,

The people worshipped him.

Apart, before the Palace,

Are others who have found death,

Holy Kings: their mighty greatness

Is drenched with delicate dew

When the revellers pour libation: and deep

In the earth, their heart listens.

This is their bliss: in this delight their son

Arkesilas shares in his right.

His name in the young men's song

Let Phoibos of the Gold Sword cry aloud

Now that from Pytho comes

The sweet of triumph, the ransoming of cost,

This music of delight!

Lo, there is a man whom the wise praise.

I will say what is said:

He pastures a mind and a tongue beyond his
youth:

With the long wings of his courage

He is an eagle among the birds:

He is the strength of victory like a wall:

The *Muses* know him

Winged from his mother's lap:
He is proved a right charioteer:

He has entered the lists of the noble arts of
this land

Boldly. Now God is kind to him
And establishes his power.

And in years to come, you blessed sons of
Kronos,

In his acts and his counsels

Grant him the like: let no stormy wind
Of Autumn overwhelm his days.

The great mind of *Zeus*

Is pilot of the doom of men whom he loves.

I pray Him, at Olympia

To add His glory to the House of Battos.

PYTHIAN IV
FOR ARKESILAS OF KYRENE
WINNER IN THE CHARIOT-RACE

462 B.C.

THE PRELUDE

FOR ARKESILAS OF KYRENE, A DELPHIAN SONG:
FROM DELPHI HIS GREAT FOREFATHER BATTOS
WAS SENT TO KYRENE IN AFRICA, AND SO FUL-
FILLED THE PROPHECY OF MEDEA TO THE ARGO-
NAUTS IN THERA, THE ISLAND WHERE BATTOS
WAS BORN. "MEN FROM THERA SHALL GO TO
AFRICA, BECAUSE A PIECE OF AFRICAN SOIL WAS
GIVEN BY TRITON TO EUPHAMOS THE ARGONAUT
(THE THERANS ARE HIS DESCENDANTS)

WHEN MEDEA AND THE ARGONAUTS CROSSED
AFRICA TO GET TO GREECE. THE SAILORS LOST
THE PIECE OF EARTH, AND THE SEA WASHED IT
TO THERA: BUT IF THEY HAD KEPT IT

THIS WAS THE GREEKS' TITLE TO THE WHOLE
CONTINENT OF AFRICA. BUT NOW, ONE OF
EUPHAMOS' SEED FROM THERA SHALL TAKE
PART OF AFRICA, KYRENE." (THE END OF
MEDEA'S PROPHECY.) BATTOS! YOU WERE THAT

MAN, AND ARKESILAS IS YOUR EIGHTH DESCENDANT. THE SONG SHALL BE OF ARKESILAS AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

THE TALE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

PELIAS KING OF IOLCHOS IS WARNED AGAINST THE MAN WITH ONE SANDAL. JASON IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT IOLCHOS.

PELIAS SEES HIM, AND THAT HE WEARS ONE SHOE ONLY. JASON DOES NOT RECOGNIZE PELIAS.

JASON ASKS FOR HIS FATHER'S HOUSE. HIS KINSMEN GATHER: THEY CLAIM THE KINGDOM FROM PELIAS: JASON AND PELIAS ARE COUSINS: PELIAS PROPOSES THE QUEST OF THE FLEECE.

JASON ACCEPTS THE QUEST: THE ARGONAUTS GATHER. THE SONS OF ZEUS; HERAKLES, KASTOR, POLYDEUKES: THE SONS OF POSEIDON; EUPHAMOS, PERIKLYMENOS: THE SON OF APOLLO; ORPHEUS: THE SONS OF HERMES; ECHION, ERYTOS: THE SONS OF BOREAS; ZETES, KALAIS.

THEY SET SAIL: THEY REACH THE BLACK SEA.

THE SYMPLEGADES: THEY REACH KOLCHIS: APHRODITE GIVES JASON THE WRYNECK TO

WIN THE LOVE OF THE KOLCHIAN PRINCESS
MEDEA: AIETES, KING OF KOLCHIS, SETS THE
TASK.

JASON ACHIEVES IT AND OBTAINS THE FLEECE:
THE VOYAGE HOME.

THE HEROES BEGET SONS IN LEMNOS: THE SONS
OF EUPHAMOS GO FROM LEMNOS TO SPARTA,
THENCE TO THERA (ONCE CALLED "LOVELIEST").

THE CONCLUSION

THE RIDDLE OF THE OAK. PINDAR ASKS FOR
ARKESILAS' HEALING TOUCH.

PINDAR'S MESSAGE FROM DAMOPHILOS: HE
PLEADS FOR THE RETURN OF DAMOPHILOS WHO
HAS OPENED THIS FOUNTAIN OF SONG.

P Y T H I A N I V

ARGO

THE PRELUDE: MEDEA'S PROPHECY

I

To-day, Muse, you must stand by the side of a
friend,

By the King of Kyrene, the land of good
horses:

And when Arkesilas holds his triumph

Swell the gale of your songs,

Paying your debt to Lato's Twins, and to
Pytho,

Where once, when Apollo was in his land,

The priestess,—she who sits by God's gold
eagles,—

Ordained Battos a leader of men

Into fruitful Libya.

He must straightway leave his holy island

And build a city

Of Charioteers

On a silver breast of the earth,

To bring back the word of Medea
In the seventeenth generation,
Which at Thera once Aietes' terrible child
Breathed from immortal lips, the Colchians'
Queen—

And thus she spoke
To the seed of Gods, the sailors of Jason the
fighter:

“Hear, sons of high-hearted men and of Gods!
I tell you, from this wave-beaten land shall go
A stock, and shall betem the daughter of
Epaphos,
And cities shall rise
And the world know it
In the place where Zeus Ammon stands.

Instead of the short-finned dolphins
They shall have swift horses, and reins for
oars:
They shall drive the stormfoot chariots.
The Omen, that shall make
Thera mother-city of mighty cities,
Was given, where Lake Tritonis flows to the
sea,
To Euphamos once
(A guest-gift from the God in a man's likeness)

A *Clod*: Euphamos, alighting from the bows,
Took it, and Father Zeus, the son of Kronos,
Well pleased rang out in thunder.

II

He found us slinging the bronze-jawed anchor
Beside the prow, swift Argo's bridle.

I had bidden them haul her, our sea-timber,
ashore,

And we had borne her from Ocean

Twelve days across earth's lonely ridges.

Out of his solitudes then

The God appeared

Clothed in the bright shape of a reverend lord:

And friendly words he began,

As a good host,

When strangers come,

Starts with his offers of supper:

But we spoke of our sweet road home

And could not stay. He told us his name

Eurypylos, son of the undying

Shaker and Holder of Earth.

And he knew our hurry: and there and then

Took a clod in his right hand, fain to offer

what gift he could:

And the hero did not refuse it.
He leaped to the beach, and clasping hand in
hand
Took the piece of earth divine,—
But a wave broke,
I hear, and washed it
Overboard into the sea

At evening, and it went with the waters of the
deep.
O often I bade the servants we had for our
ease
Keep it safe: but their souls forgot.
So now against this isle has been washed
The undying seed of Libya's wide meadows,
Out of due time.
For had he come home, and cast it
beside Hell's mouth in the earth,
Had he come to holy Tainaron,—he
Euphamos, son of Poseidon the captain of
horse,
Born on Kaphisos' banks of Europa, Tityos'
child,—

III

Then the blood of his grandsons' grandsons
after him,

With a Danaan host, had taken that wide
mainland.

For then, behold!

Men coming from great Lakedaimon,
From the gulf of Argos and from Mykenai!
—But now, he shall lie with foreign women
And get a chosen race: who shall come to this
island

(for the Gods will care for them)

And have a son to be lord of those dark-
clouded plains.

Him one day

In that gold-stored House
Phoibos shall tell in oracles

(When in later days he comes down to the
Pythian shrine)

To carry cities in ships

To the land where Neilos dwells, the son of
Kronos".

Medea's words filed past: and the godlike
heroes

Kept silent and still, and bowed their heads,
Listening to her deep wisdom.

O happy son of Polymnastos!
To you, as was here foretold,
The oracle of the Delphic Bee gave glory

In her unprompted cry,
Bidding you three times "Hail!"
Foreshown
Kyrene's King to be.

(You were asking
About your stammering tongue, might the
Gods release you.)

And later in time, even to-day,
There flowers, as when spring puts out her
reddest blossom,

The eighth generation, Arkesilas.
He has got from Apollo and from Pytho
A name for chariot-driving
among the peoples around.

I will offer to the Muses
Him, and the Ram's Fleece of Gold.
For the Minyai sailed to find it; and from that
root

Sprang up the honours of this house
About whose goings is God.

THE TALE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

IV

What was the beginning of their voyage?
And what danger held them in strong adaman-
tine bolts?

—God appointed that Pelias
Must die by the hand of Aiolos' proud sons
Or their unrelenting counsels.

A prophecy came to him, chilling his wary
heart,

Spoken at the midmost navel-stone
of Earth, fair-forested mother.

"Let him beware at all cost

the man with one sandal,

*When he comes from the steadings in the hills
To the sunny plain of great Iolchos,*

Stranger be he or townsman". In time he came,
With two spears, a terrible man.

And he wore the two kinds of clothing:

The garment of the Magnesian land

Fitted close on his marvellous limbs,

And a leopard-skin over it

Kept off the shivering rains.

His bright locks of hair, not cut and cast away,
Flamed all down his back.

And at once, when he came,
He stood, testing his never-flinching heart,
Where the people thronged in the main square.

None knew him: yet despite their amazement
Thus spoke one:

"This is not Apollo, I think,
No, nor Aphrodite's bronze-charioted lord.
And they say that in bright Naxos
The sons of Iphimedeia died,
Otos, and you, daring lord Ephialtes:
And the swift arrow of Artemis
Caught Tityos, sped from that unconquered
quiver,
That a man be fain to choose
Attainable loves".

V

So they spoke
One to another in question and answer.
But then drove up, with his mules and bur-
nished car,
Pelias, in headlong haste.
Amazed at once he stared and knew well
The single sandal on the right foot.
But he hid his fear in his heart, and said:
"What sort of country do you say is yours, O
stranger?
And pray, what gutter-bred wench
Dropped you from her aged womb?
No loathsome, filthy lies, but tell me your
race".

And the other answered without fear and
gently:

“Cheiron I name my master
And men shall see it. I come from the cave,
From Chariklo and Philyra,
The Centaur’s holy daughters who nursed me.
I have brought twenty years to an end, and in
them

Have done, nor said, nothing to shame me.
And I have come home
Claiming the ancient honour of my father
(Now against right overruled)
Which Zeus once gave
To Aiolos and his sons.

I am told that Pelias the transgressor
Gave way to his pale heart
And stole this by force
From my parents, who ruled of right.
When the sun first opened my eyes, they
feared
That violent prince’s malice:
So they darkened the house and made a keen-
ing
As if I had died,
And amongst the wailing of women

Stealthily they sent me away
in swaddling bands of purple,
And Night knew the secret of our road.
So they gave me to Cheiron, Kronos' son, for
nurture.

VI

You have heard the sum of my story.
But where
Is the house of my fathers that rode white
horses?
Good citizens, tell me clearly.
I am Aison's son, a man of the land,
Nor am I come to a strange country
belonging to others.
By my name Jason the godlike Beast addressed
me".

He spoke: and when he went in, his father's
eyes
Knew him, and tears bubbled down
From his old eyelids:
For in his soul
He was glad, seeing
His chosen son, the fairest of men.

And his two brothers came to that house
At the fame of the man. From near

Pheres came, leaving the fountain Hyperia,
From Messene Amythaon.
And soon Admetos came and Melampos,
For their hearts yearned to their cousin.
—With due feasting, and words honey-sweet,
Jason their host made pleasant entertainment
And long-stretched-out delight, five nights
Without ceasing
And five days
Gathering the great luxurious hours.

But on the sixth day, with sober words
He let his kinsmen know all from the begin-
ning:
And they gave him heed.
And he leaped up quick from his couch, and
they with him,
And went to Pelias' hall
and made haste and stood within.
When the King heard them, himself came
forth to them,
The son of Tyro, lovely-haired queen;
And Jason with soft voice let smooth words
fall,
Laying a foundation of wise speech:—
“Son of Poseidon of the Rock

VII

The hearts of men are perhaps too quick
At choosing a smart advantage rather than
right

(Though the next day the taste is wry in the
mouth).

But I and you must rule our wrath
And weave our future fortune.

You know as well as I, one womb
Bore Kretheus and Salmoneus hardy in cunning,

From whom in the third generation ourselves
sprang,

Who look on the golden strength of the sun.

—The Fates recoil

When men of one blood

Hating each other, lose sight of shame.

We must not take, you and I,

Swords of biting bronze or javelins

To divide our fathers' honours.

The sheep and the tawny herds of oxen

I yield you, and all the fields,

Which you stole from my parents and live on,
fattening your substance.

Nourish with these your house, it yearns me
little.

But there is the sceptre of absolute rule,
And the throne on which the son of Kretheus
sat

And gave straight judgments
To a people of horsemen.
To spare both of us sorrow

Let me have these;
And no fresh evil come of them!"
—So he spoke: and gently too

Pelias answered him:

"I will do as you say.

But already the sere end of life attends me
And your youth bursts in flower.
You have power to lay the wrath of those in
earth.

Phrixos is calling, that someone redeem his
ghost,

And, going to the halls of Aietes, fetch
The thick-piled Fleece
Of the Ram, by whom he was saved of old
From the sea,

VIII

And from the godless knives of his step-
mother.

A marvellous dream came and told me of this.

I have asked the oracle at Kastalia
Should I follow this up? and he bids me find
At once, the crew for a ship.
—Achieve this task, so please you: and I swear
I will let you be sole ruler and king.
Let Him be our strong oath,
Zeus the Witness, the father of both our races".
So they approved
This covenant:
And those two parted: but as for Jason, already

He was sending messengers everywhere
That a quest was afoot.
—And soon there came, that never tired of
battle,
The sons of Zeus Kronidas,
Of Alkmene of the dancing eyelids and of
Leda:
And two tall-crested men, the Earth-Shaker's
seed
In the proudness of valour,
From Pylos and Cape Tainaron:
—Fair was the fame they won,
Euphamos, and you, strong Periklymenos.
From Apollo's house
The lute-player came,
The father of songs, ever-worshipped Orpheus.

Hermes of the golden wand
Sent his twin sons to that long stretch of
labour,
Echion one (O loud exultation of youth),
The other Erytos. Quick came two
Who dwelt round the roots of Pangaion:
For gladly with laughing heart and swiftly
Their father, Boreas, King of Winds,
Sent Zetes and Kalais,—men,
Yet scarlet feathers ruffled upon their backs.
And in these sons of Gods Hera kindled
That all-persuading sweet desire

IX

For the ship Argo, that none be left behind
To nurse at his mother's side a ventureless life,
But, even though he die,
Find in his own valour the fairest enchant-
ment

With others young as he.

They came to the port of Iolchos, the finest
of sailors,
And Jason marshalled all, and approved them.
And the seer Mopsos, that watched God's will
for him
In birds and the holy taking of lots,

Bade with good heart
The host be started.
They hung the anchor over the prow: and then

The Captain at the stern
Held in his hands a gold cup, and called
On the Father of the Sons of Heaven,
Zeus, whose spear is the lightning,
On the swift rushing of the waves, the winds,
On the nights and the paths of the sea;
For days of kind weather, and the sweet road
home at last.

From the clouds answered back to him
The assenting voice of thunder,
And the lightnings flashed and tore the sky.
The heroes found fresh breath of courage,
For they believed
The omens of God.
The Seer of Signs called to them

To fall to the oars,
And he put sweet hopes into them: under their
rapid hands
The oars insatiably fell and rose.
A south wind blew, and before it
they reached the Unwelcoming Sea.

They marked a holy acre there
For Poseidon of the Deep,
And there was a red herd of Thracian bulls
And an altar basin newly fashioned of stone.
They were running toward deep danger
And prayed to the Lord of Ships

X

To escape the awful onset
Of the Clashing Rocks. Two they were, and
alive,
And they rolled swifter
Than the howling winds charge past.
But that sailing of the sons of Gods
Brought them then an end.

After that they came to the River Phasis
And matched their might
Among the dark-faced Kolchians, yea
In the presence of Aietes.
But from Olympos the Queen of sharpest
arrows
Bound past loosing
The dappled wryneck
To the four spokes of a wheel:

She, the Kypros-born, for the first time brought
The maddening bird to men.

She taught Aison's wise son
What sorceries he must chant, and Medea for-
get

To honour those who begot her,
And her heart be all on fire for lovely Hellas
And tremble under the lash of love.

She showed him at once
How to achieve her father's tasks:
With olive-oil she made an enchantment
against hard pains

And gave it to him for anointing.
And they swore to make a sweet marriage one
with another.

But when Aietes
Dragged forth the adamantine plough in the
midst of them

And the oxen who breathed from yellow
nostrils

a flame of burning fire,
And hoof after bronze-shod hoof ripped up the
ground,—

He took them and forced them to the yoke
Alone, and straight was the furrow he ploughed
as he drove them:

He cast up the clods, and clove earth's back
A fathom deep; and thus he spoke:

“Let the King do this, the captain of the ship!
Let him do this, I say,
And have for his own the immortal coverlet,

XI

The Fleece, glowing with matted skeins of
gold”.

He spoke: and Jason
Threw off his saffron clothing, and trusting
God

Assayed the task.

And the fire did not make him flinch,
Through the strange woman’s words, that
strong enchantress.

He, grasping the plough,
Harnessed perforce the oxen’s necks, and driv-
ing

In those huge flanks a steady goad
With violence he achieved the appointed dis-
tance.

And, speechless though
His grief, Aietes
Howled in amazement at his might.

To the mighty man his comrades
Stretched out their hands, and gathered grass
to crown him:

With sweet words they caressed him.
Then the Sun's wondrous child
Told him where the shining Skin
Had been stretched by Phrixos' sword (and
there
Was a labour *where*, he hoped, *he yet may fail*).
It lay in a snake's den,
Caught on the monster's raging teeth
That was thicker and longer
Than a ship
Of fifty oars
Made by the smiting iron.

The journey is long on the high road:
Time presses me, and I know a short path,
(In the wisdom of song I am the leader of
many).

—He slew by cunning

The snake with glaring eyes and bright-
scaled back;

O Arkesilas,

He stole Medea, she willing,—she, who was
Pelias' death.

They came to the depths of Ocean, to the Red
Sea,

To the Land of Lemnians,

Women the slayers of men.
There in bodily games they proved their might
(A garment for the prize)

XII

And there they wedded. Then it was, in foreign
furrows

A day, or a night,
Received the destined seed
Of your house's sunlike fortune.
For then the race of Euphamos took root,
Growing thereafter always higher.
They mixed first in Lakedaimon's dwellings,
Then went to live in the island
Once called Loveliest.
And after that Lato's son
Gave you Libya's plain, for the Gods love you,
To enrich and govern
The holy city
Of Kyrene on her throne of gold

Since judgment and right counsel are yours.

THE CONCLUSION: DAMOPHILOS

Try now the Art of Oedipus.
If a man with a keen axe-blade
Lops the branches of a great oak,

Defiling the beauty that men gazed at,—
Though its fruit has perished, yet it gives
Witness of itself when it comes at last
In winter to the fire,
Or rests on the upright pillars of a master,
Doing sad labour
In a stranger's house
While its own land is desolate.

—But you can heal in the very nick of time.
You give light, and Paian adds honour to it.
Stretch out a gentle hand, to tend
A sore wound.

It is easy even for weaker men than you
To shake a city, but hard indeed
To set it back in the land,
Unless God be suddenly there, the Pilot of
Kings.

For you
The web of these bright years is being woven.
Have patience for the sake of Kyrene's happi-
ness
To give it all your care.

XIII

Remember a saying of Homer's, and cherish
it—

*"A good messenger", he said, "heightens the
honour of any errand".*

Even the Muse's stature
Is more, if she be well reported.

There was known in Kyrene

and to that most famous hall of Battos

A man of just heart, Damophilos.

Young in the eyes of boys, but in counsel

An old man with a hundred garner'd years,

He robs of loudness

The slanderous tongue.

He has learnt to hate the insolent,

He does not strive counter to the good,

None of his purposes tarry: for very swift

is the Moment for a man.

He has seen it: Time is his servant now, and
not running away.

—They say there is nothing more sorrowful

Than to see joy and stand perforce outside.

Atlas indeed still wrestles with the sky

Far from his father's country and his posses-
sions:

Yet deathless Zeus

Set free the Titans.

In time the wind sags, and we hoist

New sails.—But now, he cries,
He has done with foul illness at last, and he
sees home.

Near Apollo's fountain
He shall lie at the feast, and yield his heart to
youth

Often, and playing his painted lyre,
Where men know music, shall touch the hands
of peace:

Giving sorrow to none, and having
no wrong from his fellow-townsmen.

And perhaps he will tell, Arkesilas,
What a well of immortal words he found
When lately a guest in Thebes.

PYTHIAN VIII
FOR ARISTOMENES OF AIGINA
WINNER IN THE BOYS' WRESTLING
446 B.C.

PINDAR INVOKES PEACE IN THE NAME OF
ARISTOMENES THE VICTOR: THE OLD ENEMIES
OF PEACE ARE OVERWHELMED: PORPHYRION,
TYPHOS, AND THE GIANTS: THEIR SLAYER
APOLLO WELCOMES ARISTOMENES:

AIGINA IS GLORIOUS IN HEROES AND IN MEN:
PINDAR WILL SING OF THE NEWEST OF HER
HONOURS, WON BY THE BOY ARISTOMENES:

THE PRIDE OF AMPHIARAOS IN HIS SON ALK-
MAN: ALKMAN HAS FORETOLD TO PINDAR
THIS VICTORY

WHICH APOLLO CONFIRMED: PINDAR BEGINS
THE CATALOGUE OF VICTORIES: HE INTER-
POSES A PRAYER TO APOLLO, A PROTESTATION
OF JUSTICE, AND A WARNING. HE RESUMES
THE CATALOGUE;

AT PYTHO THE UNHAPPY VICTIMS OF ARISTO-
MENES SLUNK HOME ASHAMED: THE YOUNG
MAN IN HIS PRIDE REMINDS PINDAR THAT MAN
IS A FLOWER OR A DREAM: THE SUNLIGHT OF
GOD: INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

P Y T H I A N V I I I

Athens is not named in the poem; but she looms on the horizon, and her fortunes concern us.

She had shown heroic quality in the defeat of the Persian armada by land and sea in 480 and 479; and since then her power had steadily grown till her *annus mirabilis* in 457. In that year she completed her great defences which made her, so long as she held the sea, impregnable: and in spite of a demonstration from Sparta, she brought under her rule all her neighbours, including Pindar's home, Boeotia,¹ and the island which he loved, Aigina. She was at the same time mistress of the Aegean Sea, and had detached an important force to operate against the Persians in Cyprus and Egypt. These widespread interests were in the hands of an advanced Democracy, which had recently, under Perikles its young and able leader, freed itself from the last remnants of a

¹ It is uncertain whether the Athenian occupation actually included Thebes: Diodoros says it did not.

paternal aristocracy, and now controlled its own affairs.

The following year, the utter defeat of her forces in Egypt checked the full tide of her fortunes, and she was compelled to make a short truce with her rival, Sparta. And about ten years later in 447 (the year before this poem was written) a small Athenian force was surrounded some twenty miles west of Thebes: as the price of their ransom, the Athenian occupation of Boeotia was ended. Next year, the truce between Athens and Sparta ran out, and other victims of Athenian aggression followed Boeotia's example: Athens found herself ringed with enemies and a Spartan army inside her borders. For a moment she stood in extreme danger: for a moment only, yet it is under the strong impression of that moment that Pythain VIII was written.

"*Securus iudicat orbis terrarum*". The judgment of mankind can hardly be wrong in holding this prime of Athens to be the flowering of the ancient world: nor is there necessity here to repeat what Athens had done, was doing, and was to do for the civilization of man. We know that Pindar and his friends

could not see as posterity has seen. So strong a creative force as Athens was bound to suck the life from the soil in which it grew. To Pindar and the noblemen of Aigina, Athens was the Enemy: the fighter against established order: and now, they made bold to think, foredoomed like Porphyriion to vengeance.

Aristomenes of Aigina, the hero of the poem, was a boy, just verging on manhood, a valiant boxer and confident in his strength. From the heights of his august fame and his more than seventy years, Pindar preaches to this young fire-eater moderation and quiet. Was Aristomenes spoiling for a fight with Athens—until

Aigina shall be free

From the centre to the sea,

and if so, why did Pindar call him off?

Aigina's chances were indeed poor. The world knew Athens' power of recovery, and her navy was untouched: the fight would have to be by sea. But Pindar was making no nice calculation of chances. The friend of Kings, the virtually acknowledged ambassador of Apollo, the familiar of the long dead prophet Alkman, had a more eternal message. "Peace is lovely: the young are killed in war. God gives victory

or defeat, but he has a better gift—the frail brightness of joy”.

Pindar loved Aigina and was not insensible to the young patriot's zeal. To Aristomenes at least, the peace-breaker Porphyryon was to mean Athens: the First Triad is a song of exultation. And once or twice in the poem, Pindar seems almost caught by the boy's ardour, and checks himself half unwillingly.

P Y T H I A N V I I I

P E A C E

I

Kind-hearted Quiet, daughter of Right,
You, who make mightiest cities
And hold the last keys of counsel or war,
Accept in the name of Aristomenes
This Pythian victor-song.
For to use gentleness, or to be used with it,
You know the perfect time:

You too, if any
Drives home into his heart
Unsweet anger, will harden your face
Against the might of your enemies, and clap
The upstart in the bilge.
—Porphyrion did not know this,
When he aroused her too far
(The gain I like best
Comes from the house of a willing giver,

But Force trips up
At last even the loud boaster.)
—Cilician Typhos with a hundred heads
Did not escape her,
No, nor the Giants' King.
They went down before
The thunderbolt and the arrows of Apollo:
 him, who welcomed with friendly heart
Xenarkes' son from Krisa,
With the grass of Parnassos in his hair
And with a Doric triumph.

II

The Graces are never far
From the island city of Righteousness,
For she has at her side
The great and famous Aiakidai.
Her renown is perfect from the beginning.
In many victorious contests
(Her poets say) the heroes from her breast
Stood first, and in the rush of battles;

She is bright with mortal sons also.
—I cannot stop to strike up a song,
With harp and liquid voice, of the whole long
 tale,

Lest galling surfeit come.
But this, which runs at my feet,
Which you, boy, have earned,
Let it fly, the newest of her honours,
On the wings of my skill.

In wrestling matches you go in the steps
Of your mother's brothers.
Theognetos at Olympia is not shamed by you
Nor the victory of the enduring limbs
Of Kleitomachos at the Isthmos.
You exalt the Meidyliid clan: of you was the
word
Spoken in riddles once by Oïkles' son,
When he saw the Sons holding their ground
In the Seven Gates of Thebes,

III

When they came from Argos
On the second journey, the Afterborn.
Thus he spoke, whilst they fought—
“Blood makes this noble temper
Shine from their fathers in the sons.
I see him clearly
Plying the Coiled Snake on his fiery shield,
Alkman, the first in the gates of Kadmos:

But he that was broken with trouble before
Is compassed now with better-omened news,
The hero *Adrastos*;
Though his own kin shall turn his joy to woe.
He, and none of the Danaans beside,
Shall gather the bones of his own dead son,
And so by the Gods' will shall come,
His army unharmed,

To the wide streets where Abas ruled".
So *Amphiaraos* spoke.
And I too
Am pleased to lay my wreaths upon *Alkman*
And shed the dew of my song.
He is my neighbour, he guards my goods,
He met me in my road
To Earth's renowned Navel,
And broached that prophet's art
Which is his by inheritance.

IV

And you, far-Shooter,
Master of the glorious shrine
Which welcomes all in the valley of *Pytho*,
You granted there that greatest of joys.
And at home, before this,
In the Feast of your Sister and you,

You added the Fivefold Contest's coveted
prize.

My King, be pleased, I pray you,

To let your eyes rain melody

On every step that I take.

At the side of the sweetly-singing Procession

Justice is standing: and I pray, Xenarkes,

For the Gods' unenvious regard

On all your fortunes.

For many suppose, he who has won good
things

With no long stretch of toil,

Is the wise man among fools

And marshals his life

With plans of unerring judgment.

—But such things do not lie in man's power.

Fate is the giver, and throws

Now one man above, now another beneath,
his hands.

Compete in measure: you have had the
prize

At Megara and in the valley of Marathon.

And of those Games of Hera at your home

In three victories, Aristomenes,

You have made a conquest indeed.

And now four times you came down with
 bodies beneath you
 (You meant them harm),
 To whom the Pythian feast has given
 No glad home-coming like yours.
 They, when they meet their mothers,
 Have no sweet laughter around them, moving
 delight.
 In back-streets, out of their enemies' way,
 They cower; for disaster has bitten them.

But who, in his tenderest years,
 Finds some new lovely thing,
 His hope is high, and he flies
 On the wings of his manhood:
 Better than riches are his thoughts.
 —But man's pleasure is a short time growing
 And it falls to the ground
 As quickly, when an unlucky twist of thought
 Loosens its roots.

Man's life is a day. What is he?
 What is he not? A shadow in a dream
 Is man: but when God sheds a brightness,
 Shining light is on earth

And life is sweet as honey.

Aigina, dear mother,
Keep this city in her voyage of freedom:
You, with Zeus and lord Aiakos,
Peleus, and noble Telamon, and Achilles.

APPENDIX I

In the following cases we have followed readings not given in the text of Schroeder's Editio Minor:—

Pythian I. l. 77. ἄρα τᾶν πρὸ Κιθαιρῶνος μαχᾶν
Wilamowitz-Moellendorf.

II. l. 17b. πόλνιμος E. Schmid.

l. 36. ποτὶ κοῖτον Beck.

l. 78. Κερδοῖ Huschke.

l. 80. εἴμι, φέλλος ὥς, ὑπὲρ ἔρκος ἄλμας
Schroeder 1923.

VI. l. 50. τίν τ', Ἐλέλιχθον, ὦδέσποθ' ἱππιᾶν
ἐσόδων Schroeder (*textu non recipit*).

VIII. l. 77-78. ὑποχειρῶν. μέτρῳ κατάβαιν'· ἐν
Bergk.

X. l. 16. πετρᾶν . . . Φρικίαν.
Schroeder 1923

APPENDIX II

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF PYTHIANS

I-III

A. The Sicilian Tyrannies.

The Kings or "Tyrants" of the Sicilian cities have defied oblivion by two eminently royal means, their own monuments, and the works of the poets who praised them. Yet they had no historian, and so, though their fame is secure, our curiosity is baffled constantly. Herodotos indeed tells the rise and achievements of Gelon, the King of Syracuse, but of Hieron his brother and successor, Pindar's prince of princes, one sentence only (7. 156). Yet some consistent hypothesis as to what was happening is necessary, if the poems are to be read intelligently. We hope the following is both consistent and probable: anything like certainty is out of the question.

In the second half of the Sixth Century B.C. the Greeks, after a century of happy and profitable exploration, saw two new powers threatening to confine them in East and West. In the East Persia, and in the West Carthage, both steadily advanced until in 489 B.C., early in Pindar's life, the attack came home on two sides at once and Greece fought and survived. It was not the old aristocracies that saved Greece, either in East or West; and here was indeed the tragedy of Pindar's life,—if he could only have seen it and not been blinded, *θείη τύχη*, by the light of his own faith and innocence. Our concern now is with the West.

Before Pindar was born, the Greeks had known the Atlantic, and even the mouth of the Rhine (though

Herodotos will not believe the latter, 3. 115). But the western Phoenicians, with no leader since the decline of Tyre, were at last re-gathered by Carthage: who about 535, at the battle of Alalia, laid the foundation of the doctrine of the "Closed Sea". A line was drawn from Carthage to the S.E. corner of Spain, beyond which no foreign ship was allowed. The doctrine was made explicit in a treaty between Rome and Carthage in 509; and to Pindar this much is an accepted fact, that beyond Gibraltar no man can sail (Olympian Three, 44, Isthmian Three, 30). The Greeks of Sicily, and especially the cities of Akragas and Gela, on that south coast which looked towards Carthage and the West Mediterranean, were curiously affected. In the old days, before Carthage had made her outrageous claims, they had been exceedingly prosperous and a wealthy aristocracy had grown up: a brief Tyranny at Akragas had not lasted, and the restored aristocracy had taken the common revenge of blackguarding Phalaris the Tyrant. But now the swift rise of Carthage disposed the Greeks to forgo the luxury of freedom. Just as in Sparta at this same moment one of the two shadow-kings was on the way to becoming a great War-Lord, supreme in Sparta and controlling an Empire of other Greeks; so in Gela a Tyrant started to take control of the resources of his own city and of the other Greeks round him.

Kleandros, first Tyrant of Gela, reigned about 505-498 B.C., and of him we know little. His successor Hippokrates, Tyrant c. 498-491, was a strong ruler and annexed most of the Greeks of East Sicily, except the Korinthian colony of Syracuse whom Korinth was not prepared to see subject to a non-Korinthian power. At the N.E. corner of Sicily, Hippokrates secured Zankle (or *Messana*) and so collided with the ambitious South-Italian prince, Anaxilas of Rhegion: a collision with important consequences.

Hippokrates died about 491, leaving no heir of age, but only two infant sons. But he left a powerful and organised

army (composed mainly of mercenaries); and Gelon, an able general trained in his school, was their leader. It was soon clear that the system mattered more than the dynasty: the two infants disappeared, and Gelon was Tyrant.

Gelon, son of Deinomenes, and founder of the fortunes of the Deinomenidai, now possessed a strong kingdom with four main powers on its periphery. To the South was *Carthage*, the first cause: to the North, *Anaxilas*; to the East, the Sparta-Korinth power, with its bridge-head at *Syracuse*; to the West, *Akragas*. This was about 490 B.C.

B. Gelon and his Neighbours.

The problem of *Akragas* was the first to be settled. In 489 (the year after Pythian Six) Theron of the house of the Emmenidai was made Tyrant of *Akragas*,—a Tyranny like Gelon's at Gela, and on the same programme. So *Akragas* and Gela now stood together, and their two Tyrant houses, Emmenidai and Deinomenidai, faced *Carthage* side by side. The alliance was made firm by intermarrying and lasted many years: what quarrels there were were like the family quarrels of one royal house, which arise on personal grounds only and are capable of personal settlement.

It seems that, as was natural, the allied Tyrants occupied themselves next with *Carthage* (Note One). The south Sicilian cities had prospered on the trade with the Phoenicians, who were now united under *Carthage* and strong enough to give very unfavourable treatment to foreigners. All ports West of *Carthage* were formally and effectively closed, and in the ports East of *Carthage* likewise (on that part of the African coast, directly opposite Gela and *Akragas*, which was called *Emporia*) Greek merchants were, it seems, at some sort of disadvantage, and Gelon took in hand to win better treatment by force. He invited the Eastern Greeks, now led by Sparta, to join this enterprise. They declined, and

it came to nothing: and yet (as Gelon remarked some years later) "all turned out for the best". For this failure, and the refusal of the Eastern Greeks, caused Gelon to draw certain conclusions. The cities of the south coast had a past but no future: with Carthage thus strong and unfriendly, the Greek capital of Sicily must lie on the east coast, in closer contact with the Eastern Greeks—in fact at that city which was at present the bridge-head of the Eastern Greek power, namely, *Syracuse*. Gelon drew these important conclusions in the early eighties, and acting on them promptly he laid the foundations of a far greater fortune than ever could have been his at Gela.

He had his opportunity in 486, when the Nobles of Syracuse needing an ally against the Commons invited him to restore their power. Master of Syracuse, at the head of a noble faction, he made it his capital: and proceeded by extraordinarily ruthless measures to make it the sort of capital he wished. He attacked and captured several of the Greek cities of Eastern Sicily, and brought the Nobles to Syracuse and sold the Commons as slaves to Carthage or Etruria: he also transplanted a large body of his own Geloans. Syracuse became the largest city of Greece, and Gelon's power rested on a sort of international and military aristocracy, the material for that brilliant living which seemed later, when Pindar first saw it, so magnificent a thing:—the sight of the King "gathering in his hand the world's high growths of greatness" (*Olympian One* [476 B.C.] *Antistr.* 1). Gelon reigned seven years in Syracuse, and reached his climax of glory two years before his death, by a great victory over Carthage at the battle of Himera, in 480 B.C.

The campaign of Himera was due to a collision with the fourth power on Gelon's periphery, *Anaxilas*, Tyrant of Rhegion. Before Gelon's accession Hippokrates had seized Zankle, the city which lay immediately opposite *Anaxilas'* own city of Rhegion. This was some time in the nineties: there followed a sharp encounter of force and

wits between the two powers, and in the end Anaxilas possessed himself of Zankle, renamed it Messana, gave it a magnificent coinage, and made it his capital: and as a matter of fact so long as the Tyrant powers lasted, the house of Anaxilas was firmly established astride the straits, in Rhegion and Messana—this much surviving even the battle of Himera, which destroyed Anaxilas' greater pretensions. In 485 then (when Gelon had Syracuse and Theron had Akragas, and the two, leaving Carthage for the moment alone, looked likely to unite all Sicily under their joint rule) a coalition began to gather against them, whose nucleus was Anaxilas. It included, we may surmise, Himera and Selinous, threatened by Theron, and certain cities of N.E. Sicily threatened by Gelon: Anaxilas was their champion, and he (after the fashion of the Medizing cities of Eastern Greece) threw himself on the protection of Carthage. Theron and Gelon pressed him hard: Gelon cleared up the N.E. corner of Sicily, and Theron expelled Terillos, the father-in-law of Anaxilas, from his throne at Himera. Terillos found refuge at Carthage, and the Carthaginians were persuaded by him and Anaxilas that they must strike now or resign all Sicily to Gelon and his ally. They struck, and for the moment Theron was in grave danger: but he held out stubbornly, and at last by the well-watered banks of Himera the sons of Deinomenes delivered him and Sicily, and held back the advance of Carthage for more than two generations to come (Pythian One, Epode 4).

That was the end of Anaxilas' coalition. Gelon, the most powerful prince in the West, struck, to celebrate his victory, some of the most beautiful coins ever minted, and made himself for his pleasure and pride a grove with ornamental water near Hipponion, on the west coast of Italy, north of Anaxilas' kingdom (Athenaios 542).

Two years after his victory, in 478 B.C., Gelon died; and Hieron, his brother and his Viceroy in Gela, succeeded him. The succession was hardly in doubt: yet Gelon left

also an infant son and two other brothers, to one of whom, Polyzalos, he bequeathed his Queen and certain especial honours. Here were the seeds of intrigue and rancour.

C. Polyzalos and Hieron.

Polyzalos has left a more considerable monument than any of his brothers, and perhaps his own portrait:—the bronze Charioteer of Delphi. We have a large part of the inscription dedicating this noble statue. It is two lines of hexameter verse: the first line has been re-written, but so that under the re-writing the original can still be read. The two inscriptions may be restored more or less as follows: the first half of the lines is missing in each case, and we italicise the translations of such words as depend on our supplements.

ΝΙΚΑΣΑΣΗΙΠΡΟΙΣΙΠΟΛΥΖΑΛΟΣΜΑΝΕ
ΘΗΚΕΝ
ΗΥΙΟΣΔΕΙΝΟΜΕΝΕΟΣΤΟΝΑΕΙΕΥΟΝ
ΥΜΑΡΟΛΛΟΝ

"For his Victory in the chariot race Polyzalos the son of Deinomenes set me here: prosper him, glorious Apollo!"
—So the inscription ran finally, but at first it had been differently worded:—

ΜΝΑΜΑΡΟΛΥΖΑΛΟΣΜΗΟΓΕΛΑΣΑΝΕ
ΘΕΚΕΦΑΝΑΣΣΟΝ

"As a memorial, Polyzalos the King of Gela set me here".

The group stood at Delphi, and represented a chariot, its four horses and their driver (with a young groom at the horses' heads). Its occasion was without question a chariot victory at Delphi. It must have been won either in 478, immediately after Gelon's death, or 474: more probably the former. Gelon had bequeathed his wife to Polyzalos and made him the step-father of his child: he had also, we now see, appointed him to the viceroyalty

of Gela, and so marked him as Hieron's Heir Designate. The purpose of all this is dynastic: Gelon was well aware of the futility of infant heirs to a Tyranny; on the other hand, he wished his own son and not Hieron's to succeed eventually. None of the Deinomenids was long-lived, and Hieron's life was especially bad: when Hieron died, Polyzalos would become King of Syracuse, and Gelon's son would be his heir. Indeed the boy's prospects looked good enough, for his grandfather was King of Akragas and his mother was Queen of Gela: and he did, in the end, become King of Syracuse for a few months.

Hieron, however, did not die at once: and meanwhile his own son, Deinomenes, was growing up and Polyzalos' heirship beginning to pale. So about 476 Polyzalos persuaded Theron of Akragas, his father-in-law, to defend his claims (and, at the same time, those of his own grandson), and it came very nearly indeed to civil war. The issue was purely personal, and the wisdom of the poet Simonides was able to compose it. We may even guess the terms: Hieron waives the claims of his son Deinomenes to the throne of Syracuse, and accepts the principle of fraternal succession: in return, Polyzalos renounces the title of King of Gela, and a new inscription is put on the Charioteer. Hieron in fact gave way on the cardinal point: but next year, 475, he established for Deinomenes a new Kingdom of his own, at his new city of Etna.

The brothers were now at peace. In 474 Hieron, with the family dropsy heavy on him, but seven years of life in him yet, achieved the greatest glory of his reign. The desperate appeals of the Greek ruler of Kyme (near Naples) brought him out in person with his fleet—like Philoktetes, says Pindar: the battle of Kyme, too little known to fame, saved the oldest Greek colony in the West and broke the Etruscan power for ever (Pythian One, Antistr., and Ep. 3, Antistr., and Ep. 4). Soon afterwards, he remodelled that Himera Trophy which Gelon had dedicated at Delphi into a greater monument cele-

brating Himera and Kyme together; in which each of the four sons of Deinomenes had his own Tripod, and all four were named together in the Simonidean inscription (Note Two).

* * * *

Sometime, we do not in the least know when, Hieron sent Polyzalos to South Italy, to maintain the remnant of the men of Sybaris against Kroton. In the Second Pythian, which we date to 468 B.C., the very end of Hieron's life, Hieron is praised for having saved the Lokrians from some strong neighbour. The scholiast said this neighbour was Anaxilas. Anaxilas died about 476, and any deliverance from him was rather an old story by 468: therefore scholars have been induced to place the Ode a great deal earlier. Yet, if about 470 B.C. Anaxilas was long dead and Rhegion on the whole tame, Lokroi's other neighbour was Kroton: and Kroton was not tame. There are signs, besides the mission of Polyzalos to Sybaris, that Hieron was concerned to prevent Kroton becoming too strong for the Lokrians. During his reign, and surely with his backing, Lokroi ventured to conquer from Kroton the frontier fortress of Temesa (Paus. vi. 6. 7-11): and a Krotoniat athlete who made friends with Hieron was proclaimed a traitor by his countrymen (Paus. vi. 13. 1). Probably, then, the foe who had troubled the Lass of Lokris was Kroton: there is no need for surprise that in 468 she is still thanking Hieron for the security of her land.

Hieron died c. 467: Polyzalos had probably predeceased him, and the youngest of the four sons, Thrasyboulos, came to the throne. He shared it uneasily with Gelon's son for something less than a year: then both were turned out of Syracuse, but Thrasyboulos found friends in Lokroi with whom he lived as a private citizen. Young Deinomenes kept his throne at Etna for perhaps a year longer, but that was all. Sicily had done with Tyrants, for a while at least. The need had passed, and the taste for them had passed; the great mercenary armies which had

first required and now maintained the Tyrants, had become an intolerable burden. There were several years of tumult and upheaval, till finally Western, like Eastern, Greece made the great experiment of Democracy; and Pindar never went there again.

D. Chronology.

The following table co-ordinates the suggestions made above:

About 478	Hieron's accession.
In 478	Hieron's Pherenikos wins at Delphi (2nd time).
About 477	Polyzalos' chariot wins at Delphi. Polyzalos dedicates the Charioteer as "King of Gela".
About 476	Polyzalos and Theron <i>versus</i> Hieron. Simonides makes peace.
In 476	<i>Olympian One.</i> Hieron's Pherenikos wins at Olympia.
About 475	Hieron founds Etna for Deinomenes.
In 474	<i>Pythian Three.</i> Hieron ill: no victory. Battle of Kyme: <i>after</i> Pythian Three?
After 474	Hieron remodels the Himera Trophy.
In 470	<i>Pythian One.</i> Hieron's chariot wins at Delphi.
Before 468	Hieron helps Lokroi against Kroton.
In 468	<i>Pythian Two. Bacchylides Ten.</i> Hieron's chariot wins at Olympia.
Before 467	Polyzalos dies.
About 467	Hieron dies. Thrasyboulos succeeds him at Syracuse, Deinomenes at Etna.

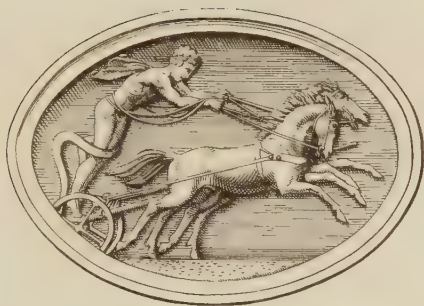
NOTE ONE (page 157).

Theron probably was with Gelon in this war. It is worth noting that Theron controlled Herakleia Minoa (Diodorus 4, 79, 4), i.e., the survivors of Dorieus' army: who had probably accepted an Akragantine protectorate at the time of their quarrel with Selinous (Herodotos 5. 46, see Pareti, *Studi Sicelioti ed Italioti*, Florence, 1920, p. 82: to which work, once for all, we would express our great indebtedness). The war was represented by Gelon as a war of revenge for Dorieus (Herodotos 7. 158. 2).

Does the incident in Polyainos 1. 28 refer to this war? If so, Selinous is already allied with Carthage. Euryleon, Dorieus' successor, had attempted at Selinous exactly what Theron and Gelon had in their own cities,—an anti-Carthage Tyranny. He had failed, and Selinous had joined Carthage.

NOTE TWO (page 163).

Simonides 106 (Diehl=141 Bergk⁴): Bacchylides III, 17 sqq. See the discussion in Jebb's edition of Bacchylides (Cambridge, 1905), pp. 452-457; and A. D. Keramopulos, in *Athenische Mitteilungen*, 34 (1909), pp. 40-50; his ground-plan on p. 41 is valuable, especially the indications that Hieron's Tripod was at some time a good deal enlarged: also Pareti, *Studi*, pp. 173-198.



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